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Mrs R C Taylor
from her affectionate
Sister Jane Martineau
May 1864

HYMNS

AND

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

John Taylor

REPRINTED FOR PRIVATE DISTRIBUTION.

1863.

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The Names of Tunes, set or adapted to particular Hymns, are given as they are found in E. TAYLOR'S Collection.

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MEMOIR.

MEMOIR.

The following Memoir of my Father appeared originally in the 'Monthly Repository' for September, 1826. It was written at the request of several of his friends, who desired that some record should be preserved of the principal events of his life, as well as some traces of his character. Although conscious of my inability to convey to those who did not know him a true and faithful portraiture of the one, and although the quiet and peaceful tenor of the other presented not much of public interest, yet I hoped that even this imperfect sketch might not be without its use; and that it might serve to stimulate those who should hereafter bear his name, to emulate his active benevolence, his rational and fervent piety, his cheerful and constant resignation to the will of God, and his unwearied exertions to promote whatever had for its aim the good of his fellow-creatures. Until within the last year I had never been separated from him; he had early led me to take an interest in those pursuits and those institutions to which he had devoted

so much of his time and thoughts, and hence devolved upon me a duty which would otherwise have been more fitly discharged by one of my elder brothers.

The motive which originally led to the appearance of this volume has induced some members of my family to reprint it, with a view to place it in the hands of the rising and enlarged generation of its author's descendants. I have added many poems which were written subsequently to the first edition, with a few explanatory notes.

E. T.

January, 1863.

The following is the record of my Father's birth in the Register belonging to the Presbyterian Congregation at Norwich :—

"John, son of Richard Taylor and Margaret his wife, of St. George, Colegate, in this city, was born July 30, 1750, and baptized by me,

"John Taylor."

His father was the only surviving son of Dr. John Taylor, and carried on the business of a manufacturer, at Norwich. His maternal ancestors had long been resident in that city, and for more than two hundred years had lived in the parish above mentioned. They appear to have been, without exception, steady and consistent defenders of the rights of the people against the arbitrary and unconstitutional attacks of the Stuarts. The name of Mr. John Hall (his great-grandfather) stands at the head of a list of nineteen of the Common Council of Nor-

wich, who were, by an arbitrary order of James II., expelled from the Corporation in the very year (1687) in which the original Presbyterian Meeting was erected there. The following year, the banishment of that tyrant, and the election of William to be King, restored the rightful members of the Corporation to their places. Mr. Hall afterwards served the office of Mayor thrice. First in the year 1701, soon after the accession of George I. To this office he was elected by his fellow-citizens, in consequence of the steady and powerful support which he gave to the Hanoverian succession; and a very unusual mark of their confidence was shown in his being again chosen to fill that office in 1720. In 1724, my Father's grandfather, Mr. Philip Meadows, (whose uncle, of the same name, had been Ambassador to the Court of Lisbon, and to Denmark, under the Commonwealth,* and whose father, Mr. John Meadows, had been ejected from the living of Ousden, in Suffolk,)† was elected Sheriff of Norwich, and Mayor in 1734. He was the Treasurer to the Hospitals, an office which he discharged with exemplary fidelity. He left one son and two daughters. The former settled as an Attorney at Diss in Norfolk. The eldest daughter married my Grandfather, and the youngest Mr. David Martineau, of Norwich, a worthy descendant of one of the victims of that wicked and foolish policy which led to the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and drove many valu-

* See Milton's Letters of State, and Thurloe.

† Their ancestors, as far back as the reign of Henry II., held lands in that neighbourhood, which are still in the possession of the family.

able and honest men to seek that liberty of conscience in England which was denied them in their native land.

Dr. Taylor removed in 1733 from Kirkstead, in Lincolnshire, to Norwich, and it was during his connexion with the Congregation there, that nearly all those works which have deservedly established his reputation as a Scripture critic were written. In 1753, the Congregation at Norwich determined to erect a new Meeting, in consequence of the decayed state of the old building. The sum of £5000 was raised by them, and the present spacious and elegant building, of which Dr. Taylor laid the first stone, was opened by him, May 12, 1756. This, I have heard my Father say, was one of the earliest of his recollections. I have heard him describe the childish interest he took in watching the progress of a building, where it was through after life his greatest delight to worship, and to the interests of the Society assembling in which he was most happy to devote his talents.

In the year 1757, Dr. Taylor removed to Warrington, in order to take upon himself the office of Divinity Tutor at the Academy about to be opened there. His son Richard, whose marriage I have already mentioned, remained at Norwich, where he carried on the business of a manufacturer. He had eight children, of whom the eldest, Philip, and his cousin, the late Dr. Rigby, of Norwich, were placed under the tuition of Dr. (then Mr.) Priestley, at Nantwich. Having completed his academical education at Exeter, after a few years' residence at Liverpool as the Minister of the Society then assembling at Ben's

Garden, he was chosen a Minister of the Presbyterian Congregation, Eustace Street, Dublin. My Father was the second son. In 1758 he was put to school to Mr. Akers, of Hindolveston, under whose care he acquired many of those requisites which so eminently fitted him for a man of business. One reason for my Grandfather's placing him there was, that he might regularly attend Dissenting worship at the neighbouring Meeting at Guestwick, where the Rev. John Godwin then preached. The celebrated author of "Political Justice" was this gentleman's son, and was my Father's schoolfellow. In the same year, the Rev. John Hoyle was elected to the care of the Congregation at Norwich, as successor to Dr. Taylor, who survived his removal to Warrington but three years. He died March 5, 1761, and was buried at Chowbent. His son died the following year. Of this event I find the following record among my Father's papers:—

"Aug. 7, 1762. On this day I lost my excellent Father. I was then twelve years old, and at school at Hindolveston. Young as I was, his death made a deep and lasting impression upon me, for I loved and honoured him greatly. He possessed in an eminent degree the art of gaining the affection of his children. He was a good scholar, cheerful in conversation, warm in his affections, upright in his dealings, and devout without austerity in his religion. In his business he was singularly ingenious: success was not his lot, but the most perfect submission was his prime virtue. Tortured by a stone fixed in his kidneys, he bowed with manly composure to the will of

God; and in his last moments called his wife, his children and his friends to receive his dying regards and admonitions, and to see how a Christian could triumph over death. I shall ever regret that I lost the advantage of such a scene. He was forty-two years old. By his death the Congregation at the Octagon Chapel lost a most valuable member. He engaged much in superintending its erection, and most of its secular concerns were placed under his management."

At Michaelmas my Father was removed from school, in order to assist his Mother in carrying on her business. In 1765 he was apprenticed to Messrs. Martin and Wingfield, manufacturers in Norwich. In 1768 his uncle, Mr. David Martineau, died at the age of forty-two. Thus were these sisters similarly placed in a state of early widowhood; and, living in the immediate neighbourhood of each other, it is not surprising that their children should have felt but as one family, and have mutually cherished a degree of fraternal regard of which I have seen few similar examples. The arrival of my Father's eldest Brother from Ireland under his paternal roof was always hailed with joy by the members of these united Families, and was the signal for them to assemble and to welcome him with every mark of affection. The death of his Uncle was one of the first subjects that seems to have employed my Father's muse. After the termination of his apprenticeship at Norwich, he spent the two following years (the only two in his life which were not passed under the same roof) in London, as a clerk in the banking-

house of Dimsdale, Archer, and Byde. During his residence in London he was an occasional poetical contributor to the 'Morning Chronicle.' In one of his pieces, "Verses written on the back of a Bank-Note," he describes, with considerable humour, the person or manner of most of the cashiers at the principal banking-houses. In October, 1773, he returned to Norwich and entered into the business of a yarn-maker, in partnership with his brother Richard. In April, 1777, he married Susannah, the younger daughter of Mr. John Cook, of Norwich. In how exemplary a manner she discharged the duties of a wife, a mother, and a friend, those who knew her best are best able to testify. But this was not all. The vigour as well as the cultivation of her mind, her strength of character, and her clear and correct judgment, eminently fitted her to be my Father's companion and adviser.

At this time Mr. Robert Alderson and Mr. George C. Morgan were the Ministers at the Octagon. The following year my Father was chosen one of the Deacons of the Chapel, an office which he continued to discharge for nearly half a century; and if there was one object which, next to his Family, engaged his care and attention before all others, it was the prosperity and peace of the Society which worshiped therein. Attached as he was, from principle and conviction, to that pure system of Christianity which teaches the strict unity of God, and his free unpurchased love to all his creatures, and delighting to go up with his family to the House of God, he felt an added interest in the welfare of that Society in which his venerated ancestor had so successfully laboured,—an

interest which continued without the smallest interruption or abatement to the end of life.

The following year he was chosen treasurer of Mrs. Mary Lougher's Benefaction to Dissenting Ministers, which office he held to the time of his death.

He was soon after elected treasurer of the Charity Schools belonging to the Congregation. During the long period that he held this office, by vigilant and prudent management he not only considerably increased the income of the Schools, but, aided by the able advice of his brother trustee, Alderman Marsh, laid the foundation of a larger, though more distant, augmentation of their funds.

The year 1780 is memorable in the annals of Norwich for the triumph achieved by the Freemen over a junto of great families who had conspired to turn out their useful and independent member, Sir Harbord Harbord, and to return a manufacturer, by name Thurlow, who had no other merit than that of being brother to the Lord Chancellor. Sir Harbord was joined, two days before the election, by Mr. Windham, who, happening accidentally to be passing through Norwich on his way to Felbrigg, was invited to join the popular candidate. The effort in his favour was so strong, that though an unsuccessful candidate, there was little doubt of his success on a future occasion. Mr. Windham appeared at this time as a supporter of Whig principles, to "an unaltered perseverance in which he pledged himself." It was on this occasion that my Father wrote his first electioneering song.

My Father lost his surviving parent in 1781. He thus speaks of her. "All the duties of life were eminently

filled up by her, but her merit in bringing up a young family of eight children, with which she was so early left a widow, was of no common rate. She possessed sound sense, a steady temper of mind, and a firm reliance on Divine Providence; these conducted her through her domestic cares, and she lived to see her children rising into that kind of respectability which is more attached to character than riches. In pursuance of the plan laid down by her husband she laboured to form in her children's minds her own devotional character, free from bigotry or severity, and she has raised in their hearts a monument of love and veneration which nothing but death can destroy."

About this time my father began the discharge of his duties as a citizen. He was elected a member of the Corporation of Guardians. The business of this body was principally conducted by two committees who met once every week, and to each of which was confided the distribution of the out-door allowances to the poor in the respective wards to which they belonged, while the management of the workhouses (for there were then two) was directed by them conjointly. For many years my father was indefatigable in the discharge of the arduous duty of a member of one of the committees. At this time the paupers in the workhouses were in a state of idleness, and the burden of their maintenance (to say nothing of the bad habits thus engendered) was entirely thrown upon the City. To employ a part of this population, to change a scene of idleness into one of active

industry, to render what had been a drain upon the City a source of revenue, was a most desirable result. My Father thus speaks of the attempt and its success: "In October, 1782, I delivered my proposals to the Corporation of Guardians for setting to spin the women and children in the workhouses, and, after great opposition, succeeded in obtaining leave to give my scheme a trial. In February, 1783, I carried this project into full effect. The whole plan having been previously arranged, between two and three hundred began to learn at once. The first essays were unpromising, but order and perseverance overcame all obstacles. The scheme succeeded beyond expectation, and its opposers were silenced. Many thousands of pounds have since been thus earned for the public by this useful labour." In consequence of this success, he afterwards introduced the same plan into the charity schools, under the sanction of Bishop Bagot.*

In 1784, the Norwich Public Library was established. To Mr. P. M. Martineau the City is principally indebted for this admirable institution. It was his zeal and public spirit which drew together all parties and overcame all difficulties. My Father actively co-operated with him in the work, assisted in drawing up the laws, and in making the arrangements for carrying the design into effect. He was, nearly as often as the rules permitted, a member of the committee, and lived to see the Norwich Library, in

* In this endeavour he was mainly assisted by his friend and neighbour Mr. (afterwards Alderman) Herring.

point of value and usefulness, exceeded by few similar institutions in the kingdom.

This year the first of those family meetings which I have mentioned, was held at Norwich. All its members assembled, in number twenty-one, and on this occasion my father produced his first family song. This part of the entertainment he was ever after expected to furnish as often as a similar event took place, and though the character of these songs, in the latter part of his life, assumed a graver cast, yet the burden of them was the same—family concord was the theme which best inspired his muse.

"Strength may decay,
But not love grow cold,"

was a sentiment felt by him towards every member of his family, and was as sincerely responded to by them.

In 1785, Dr. Enfield accepted an invitation from the congregation at Norwich to succeed Mr. George Morgan as their Minister. This was a connection of mutual, and, I believe, unmixed satisfaction to both parties. Dr. Enfield's great acceptableness as a preacher, his high literary character, his delightful manners, the cheerfulness and intelligence of his conversation, left nothing for his congretion to desire; and his opinion of Norwich is thus expressed in a letter written to my father from Liverpool, dated December, 1796. "My ramble," says he, "though it has afforded me much pleasure, has only served to confirm me in the persuasion that there is no place in England where a man of letters may pass his days more happily

than in Norwich. When it is finished, I shall, with great delight, return to my beloved circle of intelligent, liberal, and kind friends."

The severe contest for the representation of the City, which took place this year, between Mr. Hobart and Sir Thomas Beevor, gave occasion to many *jeux d'esprit* from my Father's pen. Though abounding with humour, and in some instances with allusions to peculiarities, habits, or manners of the leaders of the opposite party, there is not a tinge of ill-nature about them. On this occasion the Whig party was defeated.

In 1789, he relinquished the combing business, and, in conjunction with Mr. Thomas Barnard, engaged in that of a wool and yarn factor. I had the best means of knowing how much this connection contributed to my Father's happiness. It continued for thirteen years, and (to use his own words) "with a harmony not interrupted for a single moment." It was about this time that he wrote a short poem, entitled "The Nursery."

The dawn of liberty in France was hailed with joy by the patriots of England. Such persons only as remember *those* days know to what a height popular enthusiasm can be roused; and it was an enthusiasm which no subsequent events will lead any generous mind to be ashamed of. Many patriotic songs were written on this memorable occasion, and I have always thought my Father's "Trumpet of Liberty" one of the most successful. Certainly I never saw a multitude so moved by music as by this. It was written, composed, and sung by my Father, for the first

time, at a public dinner on the 5th November, 1789, to celebrate the anniversary of the Revolution. In 1796, he engaged very heartily in the laudable endeavour to displace Mr. Windham from the representation of Norwich. My Father had been warmly and actively employed in procuring his return in 1790. Since that time Mr. Windham had deserted the principles to which he had formerly vowed unalterable attachment, and enlisted under Burke in his fanatical and mischievous crusade against liberty. Mr. Windham had been in the habit of visiting my Father in the most friendly way. His conversation was always animating and delightful; but upon the subject of the French Revolution his judgment was warped.

About this time a periodical work, entitled "The Cabinet," was published in Norwich. Its main object was to diffuse correct political views and political information; but Mrs. Opie occasionally enlivened its pages with her poetry, and there are some pieces of Dr. Enfield's, written in his happiest style. To this work my Father was only a poetical contributor; and the pieces which he did furnish were said to be "found in clearing an old garret in Prince's Inn," a house of considerable antiquity at Norwich. The pretended date of these poems was about the time of the civil wars, and the style, character, and orthography of the period are very faithfully preserved. Most of the subjects have a reference to local events, which his accurate acquaintance with the history of his native city enabled him to give with singular fidelity. One of the poems, in praise of Bishop Corbet, who was buried in Norwich Cathedral

in 1635, was prefixed to Gilchrist's edition of the Bishop's Poems, and is transferred into Chalmers's Poets, vol. v. Another, on Martinmas Day, is cited in Time's Telescope, for 1814, p. 286, as if it were an ancient authority, for the way in which Martinmas Day was kept in times of yore. In the same year Dr. Enfield published his selection of hymns, to which my Father contributed fifteen. These are chiefly peculiar metres, which were chosen in order to introduce some favourite tune that otherwise could not have been used.

In 1797, he had to lament the death of his excellent and highly-valued friend Dr. Enfield. Most cordial and most sincere was their friendship; and the loss to my Father, at the age at which he was now arrived, was irreparable. There was no probability of filling up that void which the death of Dr. Enfield made—and it never was filled up. The congregation elected Mr. P. Houghton their sole minister, and he continued to fill that situation till his first removal, which was to Prince's Street, Westminster, in 1808.

Just prior to Dr. Enfield's death, my Father completed a work which had, at intervals, engaged his attention for several years. This was a 'History of the Church assembling at the Octagon Chapel.' Such a record was the more wanted, and it was the more difficult of compilation, from the circumstance of there being no church book (at least none in existence) up to the time at which he became one of the Deacons of the Society. The early part of the work traces the history of Nonconformity in Norwich up

to the time when Dr. Collinge, the Vicar of St. Stephen's parish, was ejected from his living, and founded the first Presbyterian Church there. Many of the particulars he derived from family documents in his own possession, or from the information of some old members of the Society. These materials, but for his care, would have been irrecoverably lost. The history is written with singular beauty of penmanship, and illustrated with portraits of some of the ministers of the place, copied in some instances by himself, as well as by plans, etc., both of the old and the new chapel. He never continued the history further than the death of Dr. Enfield, but by a careful preservation of documents, and a full and regular record of all the proceedings of the Church, he has provided ample means for that purpose. In November 1800, the death of Mrs. Martineau, my father's aunt, took place. "She was a woman," says my father, "whose head and heart procured her the respect and esteem of all her family and friends. She possessed a strong discrimination of character, and there were few persons whose soundness of judgment better qualified them to give advice. Her affections were warm, and her piety fervent yet rational."

The following lines are extracted from a tribute of singular beauty and of sincere affection "to her honoured friends of the families of Martineau and Taylor, by their affectionate A. L. Barbauld."

"No bitter drop, 'midst nature's kind relief,
Sheds gall into the fountain of your grief;

No tears you shed for patient love abused,
And counsel scorned, and kind restraints refused.
Not yours the pang the conscious bosom wrings
When late remorse inflicts her fruitless stings.

"Living you honour'd her, you mourn for, dead:
Her God you worship, and her path you tread:
Your sighs shall aid reflection's serious hour,
And cherish'd virtues bless the kindly shower:
On the loved theme your lips unblamed shall dwell:
Your lives, more eloquent, her worth shall tell.

"For me, as o'er the frequent grave I bend,
And pensive down the vale of years descend:
Companions, parents, kindred called to mourn,
Dropt from my side, or from my bosom torn,
A boding voice, methinks, in fancy's ear
Speaks from the tomb, and cries, 'Thy friends are here!'"

Since the year 1774, my father had been frequently subject to very severe attacks of the gout. Seldom a year passed without a return of this disease, and more than once I remember his being confined for several months to his chamber. The patience with which he endured such acute and protracted suffering was most exemplary, but the time was approaching when to this disease was to be superadded one of a still more painful nature. While on a visit to his son Richard, in 1802, he was first attacked with symptoms in some respects similar to those which preceded his father's last illness. He thus writes of them:—"These repeated, painful attacks naturally recall to my memory the sufferings of my excellent father.

If the same bitter cup be preparing for me, what better can I wish than that I may quit the world with his composed spirit, his animating prospects for himself, and his reliance for his offspring and his widow on the good providence of God!"

The attacks of the disorder continued to increase upon him for several years. In 1807, he gave a fresh proof of the serenity of his temper, and of his patient and cheerful acquiescence in the Divine Will. He had the happiness of re-assembling under his roof thirty-five members of his family, and though at that time having in prospect, as he expected at no very remote period, the termination of his life by one of the most painful diseases, he not only partook of the pleasure of the scene, but contributed to it by his accustomed cheerfulness, and by the usual offering of his Muse. This was on the 12th of August. His feelings on the occasion are thus expressed:

"Along with the joy which this happy family meeting has afforded me, I hope we have all of us felt that gratitude which is due to the Author of all our blessings, who has thus permitted so large a portion of our family to meet from distant parts, and under such pleasing circumstances. God grant that this brotherly love may continue to the end of life! Mine is probably so near its termination, that I must not flatter myself with a renewal of this sort of pleasure. The attacks of two of the most painful diseases to which the body is subject, leaves but little room to expect this; but whenever it shall please

God to call me hence, I leave all my family, and in particular my dear children, united and happy."

On the 24th of the same month, he writes again, in reference to the same subject:—

"The symptoms which have been for some time increasing upon me, leave no doubt in my mind that a stone has been formed within me. The moment being now come which calls for a patient submission to God's will, may I endeavour to arm my mind with the acquiescence and fortitude of a Christian; let my thoughts be often on my excellent father, and, as it is probable that, *in one sense*, 'my death will be like his,' may it also resemble it in what honours and exalts the Christian character. But life, though painful, may still be protracted; and though my active powers be greatly diminished, yet so much of capacity for the business of life may remain, as to make it a duty still to continue my exertions for usefulness to my family and to society: what therefore I can do, though with pain, let me continue to do, remembering that the best preparation for death is a life filled to the last with useful deeds, performed under a constant sense of God's omnipotence and man's accountableness."

During the greater part of the ensuing winter and the spring of 1808, his appetite failed, and his strength consequently declined. In the month of May his anticipations seemed about to be realized; and so little hope remained of his being able to struggle against a succession of attacks thus severe and alarming, that those of his children who were at a distance were called to attend, as

was supposed, his dying bed. Throughout the whole of his protracted illness, and particularly at this time, he enjoyed the benefit of his valued friend Mr. Martineau's advice and the unremitted and affectionate attention of Dr. Reeve, who had now become his son-in-law. It pleased the Almighty to bless their labours with his restoration to a degree of health and usefulness which seemed hopeless, and at the latter end of August he was so far recovered as to be enabled to attend, in some degree, to his usual pursuits. For several years his strength seemed gradually to return, and though we often saw that

"Spem vultu simulat, premit altum corde dolorem,"

yet we had abundant reason for thankfulness that a life so honourable, so valuable, was preserved to his family and to society.

I ought not to omit mentioning a very flattering testimony of friendship which my Father received, in 1806, from the Congregation of the Octagon Chapel at Norwich, in the presentation of a handsome silver waiter, with an inscription expressive of their sense of his "many and valuable services." Though wholly unlooked for, this mark of their regard was most welcome to him; and it must form another link in that chain which binds, and I hope will always bind, his descendants in ties of no common interest to that Christian Church.

During the years 1810, 1811, and 1812, the unsettled state of the Society gave him very great uneasiness. I know that he passed many sleepless and anxious nights

on this account. The settlement of Mr. Madge, in the latter end of the year 1812, brought peace again within its walls, and during the period that he continued our minister, not a circumstance of any kind occurred to lessen the prosperity or disturb the harmony of the Society.

In 1813, the Eastern Unitarian Society was formed. My Father had for many years been a member of the London Unitarian Society; and, in conjunction with his respected friend Mr. Isaac Marsh, who consented to fill the office of treasurer, he took a warm interest in the formation of a society having the same great object in view. He presided at the first meeting, which was held at Norwich.

In the year 1814, Dr. Enfield's Collection of Hymns being out of print, the congregation determined upon making a new selection for their use. Sir James Edward Smith not only contributed his advice in the selection, but enriched it with some original Hymns, and my Father also added to the number which he had written for the former selection.

This year he again enjoyed the pleasure of seeing his elder Brother, and of assembling under his roof forty-four members of his family. In connection with this meeting he says, "The great Arbiter of life and death alone knows who among this band of brothers shall ever more be permitted, in this world, to join in these family festivities, which to me have ever been a source of the most delightful feelings. I parted with my dear brother with more doubt as to a future meeting than ever; yet I would in-

dulge the hope that life and strength may permit the renewal of such a pleasure."

He was, not very long after this, called upon, in common with every member of his family, to a severe trial of Christian fortitude and resignation, in the loss of his son-in-law Dr. Reeve. Beloved for the sweetness and respected for the integrity of his character, admired for his talents, and looked up to for his medical skill, it may be imagined how severe a blow to the happiness of our domestic circle was the removal of such a man. The feeling of attachment between father and son was scarcely more strong than that which subsisted between them. That unshaken reliance upon the goodness of God which never forsook my father, under all the bodily and mental sufferings he had to endure, supported him now, and directed his thoughts to that state where parting shall be known no more. His health was so far restored that he was enabled again to visit the metropolis, where four of his sons were now settled; and he resumed with his accustomed activity the discharge of his duties as a man of business and a citizen.

In 1818, at my particular request, he consented to join me in the Common Council. He had often been urged to enter the Corporation, but till now, had declined it. The Whig party was very low at this time in point of numbers; and I was anxious to have the weight of his character and the benefit of his experience among the minority, of which I formed a part. His attachment to his native city, to her popular constitution, to her muni-

cipal rights, and to the marks not only of antiquity but of wisdom which many of her institutions bore, was very strong; and having once entered the Corporation, he was most regular in the discharge of his duties as one of its members. It is scarcely necessary for me to remark, that he never prostituted a Christian ordinance to obtain admission.

In 1819, he was once more allowed the pleasure of assembling around him many members of his family. The number collected on this occasion amounted to sixty-four. On this occasion he says, "If I parted from my dear brother Philip with feelings of doubt and anxiety as to the future at our last meeting, how much more so now that five years are added to our lives! These feelings I strove to temper by reflecting on the kindness of Providence, which has permitted me again to enjoy such a pleasure, and that we have lost none by death since our last meeting in 1814."

The hand of death had indeed been stayed during the time above mentioned, but it was soon destined to fall with severe and repeated blows.

My mother's death took place in June, 1823. It was truly said by Mrs. Barbauld, that "she was not to be forgotten by those who knew her." Hers was a mind that almost defied bodily pain. The principle by which she was governed through life was regardlessness of her own comfort, so that she might promote that of others. And this she continued to act upon nearly to the last. No entreaties could make her desist, no pain could subdue her

—she saw before her the path, as she conceived, of duty, and no regard for her own ease, or even her life, could change her inflexible purpose to pursue it. It will easily be conceived that this was an event to put my father's feelings as a man and a Christian to the test:

> "But even when sorrowing in the dust,
> Faith was his light, and Heaven his trust."

His was not a mind which could permit his sitting down in idleness, or vain and useless despondency. He had yet duties to perform to society, to his family, and to himself, and he continued to discharge these with as much assiduity as ever. Indeed, I never recollect any period of his life in which he engaged more zealously in all his public functions. It was a principle with him that what he did engage in was to be done effectively. Hence in all public business he was always at his post. I will mention one instance. The grand Festival for the benefit of the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital took place in September, 1824, and I believe there was scarcely one of the band who took greater pains to discharge his duty in it, or who more thoroughly enjoyed it. I had the pleasure to introduce him to Mr. Cramer, as one of two only remaining performers in the first Norwich festival, at which his father led in the year 1788. My father possessed a voice which in early life was well-toned, powerful, and of considerable compass. It was impaired by the diseases to which he was subject, but his love of music continued unabated. He was a very early member of the Norwich

Anacreontic Society, and continued a member of the Hall Concert to the time of his death. His knowledge of music was not extensive, but his taste was formed on good models. Some of his songs are very effective compositions, particularly the music of "The Trumpet of Liberty" and "Precious Goblet," the latter of which was a favourite of Meredith and Sedgwick, and went through two editions. He wrote several hymn-tunes, one of which was harmonized by Mr. Attwood, only about two months before his death. In this style of composition he was however inferior to his elder brother, who has produced some of the most beautiful specimens of it that I know. The above-mentioned songs were the only two for which he furnished both words and music.

But I must pass on to speak of the brief span of his life which remained. I have said that he continued in the exercise of his bodily powers, as he did in the enjoyment of his mental faculties, with unabated zeal and energy. After the death of my Mother, I had the happiness of again living under the same roof with him, and of witnessing the unceasing and useful employment of his time. In 1825, Mr. Madge's removal from Norwich took place, an event which gave my Father much concern. The congregation had enjoyed fourteen years of tranquil prosperity, and he hoped that no further change would take place during his life. Mr. Tagart's election to the pastoral office took place in January; and, on my removal to London in the following August, he complied with my Father's wish that he would occupy a part of his house;

an arrangement which contributed much to his own comfort.

The publication of a new edition of the Norwich Hymn-book was resolved upon this year, as well as the addition of a Supplement. My Father's much-esteemed friend and brother Deacon, Sir James E. Smith, again assisted him in this work, and contributed six admirable hymns. My Father added nine to his former number.

He entered upon the last year of his life with a measure of health and strength far exceeding what he enjoyed during a considerable portion of the preceding twenty years. The ties which bound him to his native city were weakened by the removal thence of all his children, but these were too strong to be broken except by death. He had retired from business, but time never hung heavily upon his hands for a moment. Though he alone was left to preserve his family name in Norwich, he had some relatives who were very dear to him, and he had many friends. Death had indeed contracted the circle of the associates of his early years, but his cheerful temper equally fitted him for the company of the young, as did his mature and enlightened judgment for the society of his contemporaries. To children he was uniformly a welcome visitor; he delighted to collect them around him, and his ever-ready Muse would often versify some occurrence in which they had taken a part; while, with equal readiness, he would adapt such verses to some easy melody. With his bodily powers so far restored, and his mental faculties active and unimpaired, it will not be

thought surprising that he should have contemplated realizing one of the fondest wishes of his heart, once more to visit his Brother at Dublin. His intention was to rest at the residence of his son Philip, at Corngreaves, near Birmingham, thence to proceed to that of his eldest son at Coed Du, in Flintshire, and from Holyhead to cross the Channel to Dublin. Just before the period of his departure, he had interested himself as much as ever, perhaps more, in securing the return of his respected friend, Mr. William Smith, for Norwich.

It was on the 1st of June that he left his home, intending to return at the latter end of the summer. But He who ordereth the length of our days had ordained, "He shall return no more to his house, neither shall his place know him any more." He reached Birmingham on the Saturday, and attended divine service at the New Meeting. My brother Philip met him there, intending to convey him to his house at Corngreaves in a car, which he was in the habit of using as a safe conveyance for his family. A long and steep hill forms a part of the road, leading through Hales Owen; and in going down this hill, opposite to the Leasowes, the horse became restive, and the servant who was driving, in endeavouring to prevent his running away, broke the reins and was thrown from his seat. My Brother, in trying to escape from the vehicle, in order to reach the horse's head, was also violently thrown to the ground, and my Father was found by him, as soon as he was sufficiently recovered to be able to rise, lying senseless and bleeding on the road.

Providentially they were very near the house of Mr. Thomas Brewin, a name I cannot write without every sentiment of gratitude and respect. I will not do violence to the feelings of this excellent man by saying all that he was to the stranger then within his walls, as well as to his family. Through his kindness the best medical skill was quickly procured, while every possible attention was paid to my Father's comfort. On Monday consciousness was in some degree restored, and on Thursday, though not able to speak, he was able to write. His first inquiry was respecting his valued friend and relative Mr. Thomas Martineau, whose end, like his own, was speedily approaching; his second was as to the success of Mr. William Smith's election. Gradually his speech returned, and in some degree his strength. This gave us hope; for at a former period of his life we had seen him so much reduced, that those symptoms which to others appeared alarming were not so in the same degree to us. But on the 20th his appetite failed, and his strength in consequence rapidly declined; he sank into almost an unconscious state on the following day, and on the morning of the 23rd he expired.

He was buried on the following Friday in the ground belonging to the Unitarian Congregation at Birmingham. In addition to his sons, and two of his grandsons, the funeral was attended by the Ministers of the Old and New Meetings, by some members of their Congregations, by Mr. Brewin and Mr. Joseph Priestley, and by the Unitarian ministers of Dudley, Stourbridge, and Cradley. The

Service was performed by the Rev. John Kentish, who most kindly proposed to abandon his intended journey to York for this purpose.

The death of my Father's much-esteemed friend, Mr. Thomas Martineau, happened about the same time, and the event which thus deprived the Society of Norwich of its two oldest servants was improved by Mr. Tagart on the following Sunday. An appropriate sermon was delivered on the same day by Mr. Kentish, and another by Mr. S. W. Browne, at York Street Chapel, London.

The following obituary notices appeared in the 'Monthly Repository' for June, 1826 :—

"June 21, at Norwich, Mr. Thomas Martineau, the head of a numerous respectable family in that city, and one of the oldest and most valuable members of the Octagon Congregation.

"June 23, in Staffordshire, in consequence of an accident in travelling, at an advanced age, Mr. John Taylor, of Norwich, looked up to as a patriarch by a wide-spread and respectable family, and by the Congregation specified in the last memorial of death, which has thus within a few days been deprived of two of its supports and ornaments."

A monument to my Father's and Mother's memory was affixed to the wall of the Octagon Chapel, bearing the following inscription :—

IN MEMORY OF

JOHN TAYLOR,

FORTY-EIGHT YEARS A DEACON OF THIS CHAPEL,
GRANDSON OF THAT EMINENT MAN
WHO FIRST TAUGHT UNCORRUPTED CHRISTIANITY
WITHIN ITS WALLS,
WHOSE NAME HE BORE,
AND OF WHOSE EXCELLENT MORAL
AS WELL AS RELIGIOUS PRINCIPLES
HIS OWN CHARACTER WAS A BRIGHT ILLUSTRATION.

HE DIED
BY AN ACCIDENTAL FALL, AT HALES OWEN IN SHROPSHIRE,
JUNE 23, 1826, AGED 76,
AND IS BURIED AT BIRMINGHAM.

SUSANNA, HIS WIFE,

DIED JUNE 5, 1823, IN THE 68TH YEAR OF HER AGE,
AND LIES INTERRED IN THE ADJOINING CEMETERY.

THEIR CHILDREN HAVE ERECTED THIS MONUMENT
TO COMMEMORATE THEIR OWN AFFECTION,
RATHER THAN THE VIRTUES OF THESE BELOVED PARENTS,
WHICH ARE IMPRESSED ON THE HEARTS
OF ALL WHO KNEW THEM.

The Editor of the 'Norwich Mercury' thus recorded my Father's death :—

"It is with true sorrow we state that the death of this worthy man and good citizen was accelerated by an accident which happened to him not long since, while riding in a car, near the place where he breathed his last. Few men have passed a more exemplary life. He was cheerful, yet sedate in his disposition and manners. By the application of his hours of leisure from business to literary pursuits, he was continually adding to a stock of general knowledge, that rendered him a respected member of the intellectual society in which he moved, and caused his judgment to be regarded with deference by the many who had, or who took occasion to refer to his opinions. The same taste and the same cultivation led him early to feel the importance of public character, and induced him to become the advocate of civil and religious liberty, whenever he conceived that his style of argument (which was alike mild and sensible) might conduce to the benefit of his fellow-creatures. Yet this duty, as all others, was performed by him in so simple and unostentatious a manner, that the writer of this testimony to his worth is probably almost the only person who is acquainted with the extent of the good he thus performed. Regarded for pure and consistent principles in public, and revered for his urbanity in private life, connected with an ancestry distinguished by talent, and exemplary in the discharge of his parental duties, this excellent man has given every proof how deeply and how carefully he

endeavoured to prolong that good fame which pertains to a family the most numerous, the most united, and the most esteemed of any of the same place in society that the County possesses."

In addition to this estimate of his character by a fellow-citizen, I shall be pardoned for inserting the following affectionate, and I think, just delineation of what he was as a relative and friend, accompanied by some remarks on the style of his sacred poetry.*

"Abstract worth will always gain respect, but

> "'Goodness only can affection move,
> And love must owe its origin to love.'

"In this respect our departed relative has indeed secured for himself a place in our memories. His integrity and high mental qualities were not tarnished by faults of temper; and every one who has known him, dwells with delight on the readiness of his sympathy with his friends in small things as well as in great, and on the prompt manner in which this was evinced. Whatever might befall them, whether of a joyous or an afflictive kind, he never omitted to show that he had them in his thoughts, and, without the least pretension, he possessed the art of directing their thoughts into the channel of thankfulness, or pious confidence in Providence. To receive a letter from him on these occasions was always to receive a lesson either of mild wisdom, enforcing an acknowledgment of the Giver of good, or of filial resignation to His

* By Miss Emily Taylor.

appointments. In taking the circuit of a wide-spread family, there was no member with whose sympathy we could so little dispense.

"It ought to be added, that he was fitted to give pleasure to others by the readiness with which he himself received it. There was no pre-occupation, no selfishness in his mind; consequently it was open to pleasant impressions of every kind, and there never was a being who derived more temperate yet lively enjoyment from all the lesser sources of pleasure which came in his way. Even to the last there was a spirit of hilarity about him, a love of employment, and an earnest interest in all he undertook, with a determination to do it well, which it was delightful to witness. When conversing with him, you rarely heard from him those unfavourable comparisons of the present with the past which mark the old man; for though abiding by his own ideas of what was right and practicable, in preference to more dazzling notions, he was always willing to investigate and admit the reality of an improvement.

"His poetical compositions, particularly his Hymns, were subjected to very severe revisal; he could not endure an inharmonious line, and his musical ear made him particularly successful in adapting words to any given melody. In composing his Hymns, it was a rule with him to make all the stanzas as nearly as possible alike in accentuation and pause; so that all might be *sung* as well as read, with ease and pleasure; and I remember his pointing out to me a paper, in the first or second number

of the American 'Christian Examiner,' as expressing well his own ideas on the composition of Hymns intended for public worship. Of course, this correctness was attended with considerable labour; yet his Hymns have by no means the appearance of over-study; they are free, simple and strong, both in thought and expression. They also display the same good sense which predominated in his whole character. There are no extravagant metaphors, no inappropriate allusions. He seemed to have always in view the simplicity and greatness of his subjects, and he has treated them in that plain, unaffected manner which is best adapted to them. Of their *Christianity* we surely need not speak. They are full of the Gospel; there are comparatively very few *merely* devotional, for he preferred illustrating Scripture doctrines and striking passages from Holy Writ."

Such is the record of a life which it may be thought I have extended to an unusual and unnecessary length. The tenor of my Father's way was noiseless, and consequently devoid of any incidents which may be termed striking. But it is not, on that account, the less instructive. Thousands are called to move in the sphere which he occupied, and may be expected to discharge the duties he fulfilled. There is no need that I add to what is written a detailed and formal review of his character; for the preceding memoir will exhibit the fruits of his life. It will be thence seen how far his talents were improved, and in what respects he was worthy imita-

tion in the various relations in which he stood to society. One lesson we may all learn—that our obligations, so far from being discharged by our losses, increase as the friends of virtue expire, and that we should study to prevent society from missing absent benefactors, by performing such duties as they would have performed had they continued in a world abounding with objects of benevolent and useful exertion.

EDWARD TAYLOR.

London, August 11, 1826.

HYMNS

AND

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

HYMNS.

[*The Hymns No.* 1 *to* 10 *were written for the commencement of Public Worship.*]

1. L. M.

1.

O how delightful is the road
That guides us to thy temple, Lord!
With joy we visit thine abode,
And seek the treasures of thy word.

2.

O heavenly treasures! glorious light!
From ancient sages long conceal'd;
Till Christ restored the feeble sight,
And God's unchanging word reveal'd.

2. P. M.

HAPPY hours! all hours excelling!
When, from worldly thoughts withdrawn,
Joyful we approach the dwelling
Which the smiles of Heaven adorn.
Peace and hope and zeal combining,
O'er the soul sweet influence shed,
And, from earthly cares refining,
Bless the heavenly path we tread.

3. P. M.

1.

AT the portals of thy house,
Lord, we leave our mortal cares:
Nobler thoughts our souls engage,
Songs of praise, and fervent prayers.
Pure and contrite hearts alone
Find acceptance at thy throne.

2.

Hapless men, whose footsteps stray
From the temple of the Lord!
Teach them Zion's heavenly way;
To their feet thy light afford.
Let the world united join
In our harmony divine.

4. C. M.

1.

Unfold the hallow'd temple's doors,
The sacred rites begin!
Zion, the tribes shall crowd thy floors,
And shun the tents of sin.

2.

Great God of Judah! let our prayer
Like fragrant incense rise:
From Heaven's high throne O bow thine ear,
And bless us from the skies.

5. L. M.

1.

Supreme o'er all Jehovah reigns,
All space his temple and his throne:
Yet where his people meet to pray,
He calls that humble church his own.

2.

O let us, with each power we boast,
Bend at his feet with awe profound;
Put off whate'er deforms or stains,
And think we tread on holy ground.

6. P. M.

Blessed sabbath of our Lord,
Sweet return of public praise!
Still we live to hear his word,
Grateful for his solemn days.
Let the world in darkness frown,
And our mortal comforts fail;
From the glories of his throne
Light shall cheer the gloomy vale.
Great object of our faith, to Thee we bow,
And in thy church record the solemn vow.

7. L. M.

1.

Not with our slaughter'd flocks we come,
Nor vessels fill'd with purest oil;
No smoking incense fills the dome,
Nor priests begin their bloody toil.

2.

For thee, O Lord, our thoughts prepare
The sacrifice thy love demands;
A soul repentant and sincere,
A grateful heart and liberal hands.

8. P. M.

HERE, Lord, within thy sacred dome,
We bring no vain oblation;
The pious heart here finds its home,
And glows with adoration:
Great is the Lord, his praise be great;
We bow, we worship at his feet,
And bless his great salvation.

9. P. M.

1.

SEEK we pure and lasting joys,
Seek we pleasures most refined,
Which nor time nor chance destroys,
Suited to the heaven-born mind?
With heart and tongue united worship raise:
Man's wisest, noblest work is prayer and praise.

2.

While seraphic ranks on high
Endless Halleluias sing,
Let our feebler voices try
Grateful songs to God our king;
With heart and tongue united worship raise:
Man's wisest, noblest work is prayer and praise.

10. P. M.

1.

LORD, before thy presence come,
Bow we down with holy fear;
Call our erring footsteps home,
Let us feel that THOU art near.

2.

Wandering thoughts and languid powers,
Come not where devotion kneels!
Let the soul expand her stores,
Glowing with the joy she feels.

3.

Now begin the glorious song,
Theme of wonder, love, and joy:
Angels shall the notes prolong;
Seraphs! 'tis your blest employ.

11. P. M.

The glory of God.

1.

GLORY be to God on high,
God whose glory fills the sky,
Peace on earth to man forgiven,
Man the well-beloved of Heaven:
Glory be to God on high,
God whose glory fills the sky.

2.

Favour'd mortals, raise the song;
Endless thanks to God belong:
Hearts o'erflowing with his praise,
Join the hymns your voices raise:
Glory be to God on high, etc.

3.

Call the tribes of beings round,
From creation's utmost bound;
Where the Godhead shines confess'd
There be solemn praise address'd:
Glory be to God on high, etc.

4.

Mark the wonders of his hand!
Power, no empire can withstand;
Wisdom, angels' glorious theme;
Goodness, one eternal stream:
Glory be to God on high, etc.

5.

Awful Being! from thy throne
Send thy promised blessings down:
Let thy light, thy truth, thy peace,
Bid our raging passions cease:
Glory be to God on high,
God whose glory fills the sky.

12. P. M.

Praise to the Supreme Ruler and Judge.

(Ps. xcvi.)

1.

O SING to the Lord a new song,
Let the universe join in the strain,
Each day the glad tribute prolong,
His wonders, his glory maintain.
Let gratitude bless the kind power
From whom our salvation descends;
How great is the God we adore!
How rich are the blessings he sends!

2.

In the beauty of holiness bow;
O worship with fear and with love;
How solemn his temples below!
How glorious his presence above!
Proclaim to the nations around,
That our God the omnipotent reigns,
Whose righteousness space cannot bound,
Whose purpose unalter'd remains.

3.

O let the wide heavens rejoice,
Let earth with her myriads be glad,
While ocean shall join its loud voice,
And the woods in rich verdure be clad:

Rejoice! for the Lord is at hand;
Prepare! for his judgement is nigh:
Before him all nations shall stand;
No guilt from his justice can fly.

13. L. M.

Praise for bodily and mental endowments.

1.

Come, let us bless the bounteous God,
Who from the heavens, his high abode,
Prepares for man life's varied treat,
The charm that makes existence sweet:

2.

For the consummate skill display'd
When in his image man was made;
For powers of high, exalted name;
For reason's intellectual flame:

3.

For strong affection's mystic bands,
And duty's sacred, high commands;
For science, liberty, and law,
And the blest fruits which thence we draw:

4.

For the gay innocence of youth,
And manhood's firm undaunted truth;
For judgement in maturer years,
And age withdrawn from earthly cares.

5.

What praise should warm the fervent soul
For pure religion's grave control!
For all its comforts, hopes and joys,
Which cheer our passage to the skies.

14. P. M.

The God of mercy adored.

1.

Praise to God, the great Creator,
Bounteous source of all our joy;
He whose hand upholds all nature,
He whose nod can all destroy:
Saints, with pious zeal attending,
Now the grateful tribute raise;
Solemn songs to Heaven ascending
Join the universal praise.

2.

Round his awful footstool kneeling,
Lowly bend with contrite souls;
Here, his milder grace revealing,
Here, his wrath no thunder rolls:
Lo! the eternal page before us
Bears the covenant of his love;
Full of mercy to restore us,
Mercy beaming from above.

3.

Every secret fault confessing,
Deed unrighteous, thought of sin,
Seize, O seize the proffer'd blessing,
Grace from God, and peace within:
Heart and voice with rapture swelling,
Still the song of glory raise;
On the theme immortal dwelling,
Join the universal praise.

15. P. M.

Thanksgiving for fruitful seasons.

1.

Rejoice! the Lord is king!
Your Lord and king adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

2.

His wintry north-winds blow,
Loud tempests rush amain;
Yet his thick showers of snow
Defend the infant grain:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

3.

He wakes the genial spring,
Perfumes the balmy air;
The vales their tribute bring,
The promise of the year:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

4.

High from the æthereal plain
Bright suns their influence fling;
He gives the welcome rain
That makes the valleys sing:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

5.

He leads the circling year,
His flocks the hills adorn;
He fills the golden ear,
And loads the fields with corn:
O happy mortals, raise your voice,
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

6.

Lead on your fleeting train,
Ye years, and months, and days!

O bring the eternal reign
Of love and joy and praise:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

16. P. M.

The free mercy of God.

1.

When mercy is the theme,
Who shall refuse to sing?
Angels with ceaseless song proclaim
Heaven's gracious King.
O could we catch the strain
That swells their golden wires,
And, feebly, back reflect again
Their sacred fires!

2.

It held its holy place
In the Creator's breast
Long ere the guilty human race
Its power confess'd:
When o'er the lawless earth
Vice like a tempest drove,
When monstrous sin sprang forth to birth,
Yet mercy strove.

3.

When Judah dared rebel,
How soft compassion spoke!
"Why will ye die, O Israel?"
Why God provoke?
He asks no sacrifice,
But hearts made pure and clean,
Set free from galling chains of vice,
And hating sin.

4.

Free as the almighty will,
No bound his mercy knows,
Demands no aid to reconcile,
But freely flows.
The wounded contrite soul,
Which hates its follies past,
And seeks religion's grave control,
Sweet peace shall taste.

17. P. M.

God the preserver of men.

1.

The mighty God who rolls the spheres,
And storm and fire and hail prepares,
And guides this vast machine,

His powerful hand our life sustains,
And scatters all those joys and pains
That fill this chequer'd scene.

2.

His piercing eye at once surveys
Where thousand suns and systems blaze,
And where the sparrow falls:
While seraphs tune their harps on high,
His ear attends the softest cry
When human misery calls.

3.

Eternal God! who shall not fear,
And trust, and love with soul sincere,
Thine awful glorious name!
While man, thy creature, swift decays,
Time has no measure for thy days,
Nor limit for thy fame.

18. P. M.

Trust in God through all the changes of life.

1.

Father divine, before thy view
All worlds, all creatures lie;
No distance can elude thy search,
No action 'scape thine eye:
Hear, gracious Lord, our mingled praises hear!
Thou art our hope, our joy, our fear.

2.

From thee our vital breath we drew,
Our childhood was thy care,
And vigorous youth and feeble age
Thy kind protection share:
Hear, gracious Lord, our mingled praises hear!
Thou art our hope, our joy, our fear.

3.

Whate'er we do, where'er we turn,
Thy ceaseless bounty flows;
Oppress'd with woe, when nature faints,
Thine arm is our repose:
Hear, gracious Lord, our mingled praises hear!
Thou art our hope, our joy, our fear.

4.

To thee we look, thou power supreme;
O still our wants supply!
Safe in thy presence may we live,
And in thy favour die!
Hear, gracious Lord, our mingled praises hear!
Thou art our hope, our joy, our fear.

19. C. M.

The mission of Christ.

1.

"PREPARE," the appointed herald cried,
"The Lord's straight path prepare:
"Let valleys rise, let hills subside,
"And rugged ways grow fair.

2.

"Then shall the race of man behold
"Salvation from on high;
"Then shall the Saviour long foretold
"Commence his ministry."

3.

Spotless the heaven-taught Teacher stood,
And meekly bow'd his head,
While from old Jordan's sacred flood
Baptismal rites were shed.

4.

Now spake the announcing voice of Heaven,
While bright the glory shone:
"To you the Christ of God is given,
"Jehovah's chosen Son!

5.

"Him hear; with him my covenant stands;
"With power I him invest;
"I place my sceptre in his hands,
"My truth inspires his breast."

6.

With joy we hear the Gospel's laws;
We love the Saviour's name;
We bless the First Eternal Cause,
From age to age the same.

20. L. M.

Praise to God for the mission of Christ.

1.

Praise ye the Lord who reigns above,
Fix'd on his throne of truth and love:
Behold the finger of his power,
Contemplate, wonder, and adore.

2.

When man, debased and guilty man,
From crime to crime with madness ran,
Well might his arm its thunders launch,
And blast the ungrateful, root and branch.

3.

But clemency with justice strove
To save the people of his love:
"Go, David's greater son!" he cried,
"Be thou their teacher, thou their guide."

4.

The eastern star with glory streams,
It comes with healing on its beams:
Dark mists of error fleet away,
And Judah hails the rising day.

5.

His sacred memory we bless,
Whose holy Gospel we profess;
And praise that great Almighty Name
From whom this light and favour came.

21. P. M.

["*I am the good shepherd.*"—JOHN X.]

1.

As the good shepherd leads his sheep
Through paths secure,
And, whilst a-fold by night they sleep,
Doth keep them sure;
So the true shepherd, Christ, our souls doth guide,
Safe in his eye, protected by his side.

2.

Great Shepherd! do we know thy voice,
And follow thee?
Is thy safe fold our rule and choice,
From bondage free?
Upheld by faith the obedient sheep shall stand,
'And none shall pluck them from thy Father's hand.'

3.

But oh! what mortal tongue shall sing
Thy wondrous love?
Death could not with his threatened sting
Thy purpose move:
Conqueror of death, and pledge of life to rise,
Joy of the earth, and heir of subject skies.

4.

Shepherd! with joy we hear thy call
That leads to Heaven:
Let none from that salvation fall
So freely given!
But, as thy sacred records long foretold,
Be the wide-peopled earth 'one happy fold.'

22. S. M.

Christian liberty.

["*The Son shall make you free.*"—JOHN VIII.]

1.

YE slaves to time and sense,
Whose minds their bondage see;
The Gospel breaks your servile chain,
And sets the captive free.

2.

Gross darkness shall no more
Enslave the trembling soul;
Before the cheering rays of truth
Its gloomy vapours roll.

3.

How strict were Aaron's rites!
But David's greater son
The ceremonial law revokes,
And publishes his own.

4.

His hand removed the veil
Which hid the mercy-seat,
And leads the child of penitence
Before his Father's feet.

5.

From soul-debasing vice
He frees the troubled mind;
And such as bear his gentle yoke
True liberty shall find.

6.

But, oh, triumphant thought!
He calms the fear of death:
We view the Saviour's bursting tomb
And meekly yield our breath.

23. P. M.

The Gospel triumphant.

1.

Still in shades of midnight darkness
Abject sits the Pagan world;
There the banner of salvation
Pregnant time hath ne'er unfurl'd;
Nor their idols
From their blood-stain'd altars hurl'd.

2.

Yet the promise stands securely,
And Messiah's reign shall spread;
Not in vain his glorious conquest;
Not in vain the Saviour bled.
Chief immortal!
God's own hand hath crown'd thy head.

3.

To this blessed dispensation
Millions yet unborn shall fly;
See the rising splendour beaming
Till it gilds the western sky.
Glorious Gospel!
Still thy triumphs multiply!

24. P. M.

*Imperishable wealth.**

1.

Shall man, to sordid views confined,
His powers unfold,
And waste his energy of mind
In search of gold?
Rise, rise, my soul, and spurn such low desires,
Nor quench in groveling dust Heaven's noblest fires.

2.

For what are all thy anxious cares,
Thy ceaseless toil?
For what, when roars the wind, thy fears
Lest in the broil
When bursting clouds and furious waves contend,
Thy bark rich-freighted all engulf'd descend?

* The tune for this Hymn, as well as Hymn 21, is the slow movement in Martini's Overture to Henry IV.

3.

Fraught with disease tomorrow comes
And bows thy head;
From treasured heaps and splendid domes
Thy thoughts recede:
The dream is o'er: then kiss the chastening rod
That points the road to virtue and to God.

4.

Seek thou, my soul, a nobler wealth
And more secure:
Content and peace, the mind's best health,
And thoughts all pure;
And deeds benevolent, and prayer and praise,
And deep submission to Heaven's righteous ways.

25. P. M.

Acceptable worship.

1.

Far from mortal cares retreating,
Sordid hopes and fond desires;
Here our willing footsteps meeting,
Every heart to Heaven aspires.
From the fount of glory beaming,
Light celestial cheers our eyes;
Mercy from above proclaiming
Peace and pardon from the skies.

2.

Who may share this great salvation?
Every pure and humble mind;
Every kindred, tongue, and nation,
From the dross of guilt refined.
Blessings all around bestowing,
God withholds his care from none;
Grace and mercy ever flowing
From the fountain of his throne.

3.

Every stain of guilt abhorring,
Firm and bold in virtue's cause,
Still thy providence adoring,
Faithful subjects to thy laws;
Lord, with favour still attend us,
Bless us with thy wondrous love;
Thou, our sun and shield, defend us!
All our hope is from above.

26. S. M.

Christian trial and confidence.

1.

Life is a chequer'd road,
Where mingle thorns and flowers;
Fair smiles the morn, in beauty drest,
But ah! the evening lowers.

2.

Smooth ebbs the slumbering wave,
We tempt the briny way;
But darkening skies and rising winds
Our sinking hearts dismay.

3.

"O ye of little faith,"
Why droop your hearts with fear?
Though thousand dangers press around,
Your Father's arm is near.

4.

To try your wavering souls
Temptation spreads its toils;
But wisdom nor defies its power,
Nor trusts in treacherous smiles.

5.

She puts her armour on,
Her heavenly-temper'd shield,
Her breastplate of celestial mould;
But asks no sword to wield.

6.

Faith is her watchword still,
Her bulwark innocence;
Salvation on her banner flames,
And Heaven's her recompense.

27. P. M.

Religious equanimity.

1.

How blest is the soul where content
Its empire with gratitude shares!
The gifts which kind Heaven has lent
How much they outnumber her cares!
The sunshine of prosperous days
No poisonous vapour exhales;
With courage the storm she surveys
When adversity's tempest assails.

2.

She mingles unhurt in the throng,
In solitude melts into praise;
When forests are vocal with song
She joins the glad chorus they raise:
'Midst palaces, pomp, and rich lands,
Unenvying their wealth she can rove,
For the talents Heaven puts in her hands
She is anxious alone to improve.

3.

In youth, the bright morning of life,
She consecrates all to her God;
And in manhood's temptations and strife
Sweet peace makes her breast its abode:

She sees the dark season come on,
With a temper composed and resign'd;
When earthly delights are all flown,
In Heaven her reward she shall find.

28. L. M.

Obedience enforced by the example of Christ.

1.

"Not as I will," the Saviour said,
And bow'd his agonizing head:
Bade nature's bleeding throbs be still,
Obedient to his Father's will.

2.

O great example! stronger far
Than precept drawn with soundest care:
Its power shall bend the rebel mind,
And make the proudest soul resign'd.

3.

Here let the pious contemplate,
With reverence deep and thought sedate;
And e'en when sorrowing in the dust,
Be faith their light, and Heaven their trust!

4.

Religion asks no sacrifice
But such as reason justifies;
And oft where trouble meets our eyes,
'Tis mercy's angel in disguise.

5.

Trust ye the Lord: how sweet to trace
E'en here the counsels of his grace!
Obedience trains us for the skies,
And God accepts the sacrifice.

29. P. M.

A penitential hymn.

1.

God of mercy, God of love,
Hear our sad repentant song;
Sorrow dwells on every face,
Penitence on every tongue.

2.

Deep regret for follies past,
Talents wasted, time misspent;
Hearts debased by worldly cares,
Thankless for the blessings lent:

3.

Foolish fears and fond desires,
Vain regrets for things as vain;
Lips too seldom taught to praise,
Oft to murmur and complain:

4.

These, and every secret fault,
Fill'd with grief and shame we own;
Humbled at thy feet we lie,
Seeking pardon from thy throne.

5.

God of mercy, God of grace,
Hear our sad repentant songs;
O restore thy suppliant race,
Thou to whom all praise belongs!

30. P. M.

Kind affections an acceptable offering.

1.

Father of our feeble race,
Wise, beneficent, and kind,
Spread o'er nature's ample face
Flows thy goodness unconfined:
Musing in the silent grove,
Or the busy walks of men,
Still we trace thy wondrous love
Claiming large returns again.

2.

Lord, what offering shall we bring,
At thine altars when we bow?
Hearts, the pure unsullied spring
Whence the kind affections flow;

Soft compassion's feeling soul,
By the melting eye exprest;
Sympathy, at whose control
Sorrow leaves the wounded breast:

3.

Willing hands, to lead the blind,
Bind the wounded, feed the poor;
Love, embracing all our kind;
Charity, with liberal store:
Teach us, O thou heavenly King!
Thus to show our grateful mind,
Thus the accepted offering bring,
Love to thee and all mankind.

31. P. M.

The changes of life lead to immortality.

1.

Mark, my soul, life's shifting scene,
Where nothing long endures:
Stormy now, and now serene,
No skill from change secures:
Now the clouds that veil the sun
Dark and terrible appear;
Yet ere this day's race be run
His brightest rays shall cheer.

2.

Vainly then the proud shall boast
How firm his mountain stands;
While the weak and tempest-tost
In peaceful harbour lands:
Providence may blow the gale,
Or to waft or overwhelm;
Yet let virtue spread the sail,
And truth command the helm.

3.

Life, how short the voyage is!
But how important too!
Havens of eternal bliss
Still opening to our view:
Where the heart is right with God,
We shall never want his grace;
Earth is but our short abode,
And Heaven our resting-place.

32. L. M. Altered from H. MOORE.

The blessings of the righteous.

1.

Blest are the pious gentle race,
In whom, with full reflected grace,
Imprest in many a lovely line,
The beamings of Heaven's beauty shine.

2.

Sweet hope is theirs, of eye serene,
Mild as some smiling angel's mien;
Strong-pinion'd faith that dares the sky,
And the rapt seraph's glowing joy.

3.

Theirs is content, life's precious balm;
Theirs peace ætherial, ever calm:
The morning bright, the temperate even;
Fair dawnings of the day of Heaven.

4.

In God the almighty king they view
Their judge, and tender father too:
His flaming bolts no terrors bear
While trusting to his faithful care.

5.

God is their life, their sun, their shield,
Their thoughts on him sweet comfort yield:
Through mists that cloud their dying eyes
They see eternal glories rise.

33. L. M.

The pearl of great price.

[Matt. xiii. 45.]

1.

Far hence, kind Heaven, the wish remove
To build our gain on others' loss;
Compared with active social love,
Pearls are but toys, and gold is dross.

2.

Let others, with corroding care
And sleepless nights and days of toil,
For perishable bliss prepare,
And dream of countless hoards of spoil.

3.

One pearl there is of richest price,
Worth all our seeking to obtain;
The soul's true wealth, its paradise,—
Which they who seek, seek not in vain.

4.

The man is blest whose ardent soul
With joy this "goodly pearl" hath found:
O'er him misfortune's wave may roll;
He bends, but steadfast keeps his ground.

5.

From every mouth let praise arise,
Our grateful thanks to God be given,
Whose Gospel is our richest prize,
Our light through life, our path to Heaven.

34. P. M.

Religious consolation.

1.

Toss'd with restless agitation,
Torn by wild distemper'd care;
Life still ruffled by vexation,
Death, dread object of my fear,—
Let my humble, deep devotion,
Lord, reach thine ear!

2.

Heavenly hope and consolation
Chase the terrors of the soul;
Whilst the page of revelation
Does my trembling fear control:
Light of Heaven—lent to emblazon
This life's dark scroll.

3.

Thoughts, beyond the tomb still ranging,
Cheer the consecrated hour,
Gloomy doubt to calmness changing,
Victim of distrust no more:
Truth eternal!—hope inspiring!
I feel thy power.

4.

O! these thoughts divine possessing,
With mortality in view,
To the goal celestial pressing,
Still its shining path pursue:
Bliss immortal! sacred promise!
And God is true.

HYMNS
WRITTEN FOR PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

35.* P. M.

1.

Vain is knowledge, vain is zeal,
Where no kind affections dwell;
Art expires and science fails,
Charity alone prevails.
Thy law of love, O God! we hear and feel;
For, without Charity, how vain were zeal!

2.

Mingled in life's cheerful train,
Heaven permits disease and pain;
Moves the springs of sympathy
That wake the soul of Charity.
Thy law of love, O God! we hear and feel;
For, without Charity, how vain were zeal!

* Hymns 35 and 36 were written on the occasion of a Sermon being preached at the Octagon Chapel, for the benefit of the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital.

3.

Gracious Lord, our hearts are thine;
Warm them with thy love divine;
May that love with joy dispense
Blessings, like thy Providence!
Thy law of love, O God! we hear and feel;
For, without Charity, how vain were zeal!

36. P. M.

1.

O YE who seek Jehovah's face,
Bow at his throne, and feel his grace,
Who ask in prayer and own in praise
That bounteous love which gilds your days,
Catch from above the hallow'd flame,
And dignify the Christian name.

2.

Where'er distress and pain appear,
Let pity's ready hand be there;
With cheering wine and fragrant oil
Bid languor glow and anguish smile:
Though woe her lowliest form may wear,
Yet God hath stamp'd his image there.

3.

When He, the sovereign Judge, draws nigh,
And holds the unerring beam on high,
Then shall sweet Charity prevail,
And angels mark the sinking scale;
Jesus shall call his followers home,
"Ye blessed of my Father, come!"
Halleluiah, Amen!

37.* P. M.

1.

GREAT God! at whose creative call
Unnumber'd worlds arose,
Thy providence extends to all,
To all thy blessing flows.
Hear, gracious Lord! thy creatures' praises hear!
O be our lives, our souls, thy constant care!

2.

The breath thy wondrous power convey'd,
The strength thy goodness gave,
Still ask thy kind paternal aid
Our fleeting life to save.
Hear, gracious Lord! thy creatures' praises hear!
O be our lives, our souls, thy constant care!

* Hymns 37 and 38, written for the occasion, were sung at the Church of St. George's at Colegate, when Dr. Charles Manners Sutton, then Bishop of Norwich, preached a Sermon for the benefit of the Norwich Humane Society.

3.

Bow down, our souls, before the Lord,
His mighty arm revere;
Our lives continued or restored,
His mercy still may spare.
Hear, gracious Lord! thy creatures' praises hear!
O be our lives, our souls, thy constant care!

4.

Great God of life! the praise attend;
Accept the grateful song:
Not death itself the praise shall end,
Which Heaven shall still prolong.
Hear, gracious Lord! thy creatures' praises hear!
O be our lives, our souls, thy constant care!

38. P. M.

1.

The mighty God who rolls the spheres,
And storm and fire and hail prepares,
And guides this vast machine,
His powerful hand our life sustains,
And scatters all those joys and pains
That fill this chequer'd scene.

2.

His piercing eye at once surveys
Where thousand suns and systems blaze,
And where the sparrow falls:

While seraphs tune their harps on high,
His ear attends the softest cry
When human misery calls.

3.

When struggling in the watery grave,
His arm the sinking wretch can save,
And stay the parting breath:
E'en when the lungs forget to play,
He wakes to life the slumbering clay,
And breaks the grasp of death.

4.

Eternal God! who shall not fear,
And trust, and love with soul sincere,
Thine awful glorious name!
While man, thy creature, swift decays,
Time has no measure for thy days,
Nor limit for thy fame.

39. C. M.

[After a Sermon preached on the Abolition of the Slave Trade. April 5, 1807.]

1.

When war and famine waste the land,
To thee, O God, we cry,
"Save, Lord! for on thy mighty hand
Our fainting sons rely."

2.

But is Jehovah God alone
  Of Britain's sea-girt isle?
Hears he not captived Afric's moan,
  Nor marks her bondage vile?

3.

From the dread records of thy book
  O blot Britannia's shame;
Turn from us, Lord, thine angry look,
  And spare our guilty name.

4.

Lo! penitent thy people stand,
  And hate their former ways:
Let mercy purge the guilty land,
  Saved by thy wakening grace.

5.

Great Parent of the mingled throng
  That fill thy wide domain,
Let all in one united song
  Confess thy glorious reign.

6.

And whilst thy Son's blest name we bear,
  And boast its power to save,
His image let us still revere,
  Though prostrate in a slave.

40. C. M.

[On opening an Unitarian Chapel.]

1.

When Cyrus, by divine command,
Sent forth his great decree—
"Go seek again your native land,
Be duteous, and be free:—

2.

"Go, Judah; thus I break your chain.
So wills your mighty God;
His holy temple build again,
The place of his abode:—"

3.

Instant the youths their powers employ
The sacred dome to rear;
While reverend sires proclaim their joy,
Nor check the rising tear.*

4.

Christians! such holy joy be yours;
Here dwells Jehovah's name:
His arm of mercy still secures;
His truth is still the same.

5.

To him, The Eternal One, Supreme,
This church on earth we raise;
Let following ages catch the theme
Of gratitude and praise.

* Ezra iii. 9–12.

41. P. M.

Christmas Hymn.

1.

Exulting, rejoicing, hail the happy morning,
The morn of the day when our Christ was born!
Angels of mercy, who his birth attended,
O bear our loud hosannas through the sky!
O bear, etc.

2.

Salvation proclaiming to the guilty nations,
He comes in the glory and power of God:
Angels of mercy, who his steps attended,
O bear our loud hosannas through the sky!
O bear, etc.

3.

Devoted, submissive, on the cross expiring,
He bows to the will of his father, God:
Angels of pity, who his death attended,
O bear our loud hosannas through the sky!
O bear, etc.

4.

All-conquering, triumphant, from the tomb arising,
He opens the gates of immortal bliss:
Angels of glory, bear him on your pinions,
And shout your loud hosannas through the sky!
And shout, etc.

HYMNS WRITTEN UPON THE TEXT OF PARTICULAR SERMONS.

42. L. M.

["*Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou, Moon, in the valley of Ajalon.*"—Josh. x. 12.]

1.

When Israel's tribes on Gibeon pour'd,
The Son of Nun unsheath'd his sword;
He bade the sun retard his way,
And lengthen the victorious day.

2.

Thus, when tumultuous passions rise,
And fame or pleasure lures our eyes,
Or bent on virtue's path sublime,
We chide the swift-wing'd foot of time.

3.

In vain we war with nature's force;
Time's rapid car pursues its course;
Nor virtue's nor ambition's power
Can stop the swiftly-moving hour.

4.

The gay and great, the good and just,
Alike are journeying to the dust:
Then haste, the race of virtue run,
Nor blame the quick-revolving sun.

5.

Bright orb, roll on o'er heaven's wide face;
Why should our wishes check thy pace?
Why should we grudge the passing hour,
Which bears us to the friendly shore?

6.

Days, months, and years, your rounds fulfil;
Witness our virtuous efforts still:
Nor let one vagrant day pass by
Unblest by reason's victory.

43. L. M.

["*And all the days of Methuselah were nine hundred sixty and nine years: and he died.*"—GEN. v. 27.]

1.

LIKE shadows gliding o'er the plain,
Or clouds that roll successive on,
Man's busy generations pass,
And while we gaze their forms are gone.

2.

Vain was the boast of lengthen'd years,
The patriarch's full maturity;
'Twas but a larger drop to swell
The ocean of eternity.

3.

"He lived,—he died:" behold the sum,
The abstract of the historian's page!
Alike in God's all-seeing eye,
The infant's day, the patriarch's age.

4.

O Father! in whose mighty hand
The boundless years and ages lie,
Teach us thy boon of life to prize,
And use the moments as they fly;

5.

To crowd the narrow span of life
With wise designs and virtuous deeds:
So shall we wake from death's dark night,
To share the glory that succeeds.

44. L. M.

[" *For as I passed by and beheld your Deities, I found also an Altar to the* UNKNOWN GOD."—ACTS XVII. 23.]

1.

O'ER Athens, when the scourging hand
Of pestilence had thinn'd the land,
The healing angel spreads his wings;
While gratitude its homage brings.

2.

In vain the pagan sage inquires,
Who quench'd these pestilential fires;
What God descends with balmy breath,
And purifies the air from death.

3.

The priest the sacred rites prepares,
And victims' blood the altar smears;
They raise the monumental stone,
And bow before *the God unknown.*

4.

Through the dark shades of heathen night
How dimly burn'd the Stoic's light!
And searching still through nature's laws,
They missed the One Almighty Cause.

5.

O Thou! by whose creative hand,
Made of one blood, all nations stand,
From pole to pole extend thy throne,
Nor longer be The God unknown.

45. C. M.

["*Lord! dost thou not care that my Sister hath left me to serve alone? Bid her therefore that she help me.*"—LUKE x. 40.]

1.

CHAIN'D by her Saviour's eloquence,
See pious Mary wait;
Her soul forgets the cares of life,
Its pleasures and its state.

2.

While the great Teacher, wisdom fraught,
The heavenly theme pursued,
Why, Martha, must the fretful wish,
The earthborn care obtrude?

3.

Not vain the labours of *thy* love,
By anxious zeal exprest,
To spread the hospitable board
For so divine a guest;

4.

Nor vainly pass'd that hour away,
When, at her Saviour's feet,
Thy wondering sister's soul enjoy'd
And bless'd the heavenly treat.

5.

The sage with penetrating mind,
The hand that toils for bread,
The soul to prayer and praise resign'd,
Their various paths may tread;

6.

But know,—that for himself alone
No mortal acts his part;
And God one needful thing requires—
A pure and guileless heart.

46. L. M.

["*And I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne.*"—REV. v. 11.]

1.

THE Lord Jehovah sits on high,
Enthroned in peerless majesty;
Cœlestial bands around him wait,
Or watch at Heaven's eternal gate.

2.

And now their well-tuned harps they try,
In choral strains and "anthems high,"—
"O holy! holy! holy Lord!
First Cause, through all thy works adored!

3.

"For thee, creation has no bound;
New systems still thy praise resound;
And what thy power first gave to be
Derives all blessedness from thee.

4.

"All known, and naked to thine eye,
The wondrous springs of nature lie:
And angel minds are baffled still
To measure thine unrivall'd skill."

5.

Such is the seraph's glorious song,
While listening spheres the praise prolong:
Let man the grateful hymn essay,
Nor cease till nature's powers decay.

6.

O thou, our Ruler, Parent, Friend,
Before whose gracious throne we bend,
Accept our faint attempts to praise,
Whilst to thy name our voice we raise.

47. L. M.

["*If the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!*"—MATT. VI. 23.]

1.

THERE is a beam of glorious light,
A spark that from Heaven's radiant throne
Cheers with kind power our mental sight,
And guides our dubious footsteps on.

2.

How blest the man within whose breast
These hallow'd flames serenely glow;
Content and peace there take their rest,
And bloom on his unclouded brow.

3.

Yet oft do false delusive fires
Shoot forth in pleasure's dangerous shade;
But soon the treacherous flame expires,
And the poor victim's phantoms fade.

4.

Revenge and mad ambition's sway,
And bloated pride and sordid care,
These the wild fires that lead astray,
To pain and sorrow and despair.

5.

Great Source of power, and life and light,
Beam on each sad benighted soul:
O guide our erring steps aright,
That we may reach the heavenly goal!

48. L. M.

["*Him that is weak in the faith receive ye.*"—ROM. XIV. 1.]

1.

BLEST with the Gospel for our guide,
Where charity and meekness reign,
O never may religious pride
The weaker brother's plea disdain!

2.

"Him that is weak in faith receive,"
Nor view with cold averted eye:
Convinced, and happy to believe,
Forbear to judge his destiny.

3.

He who has framed the human mind
Its wandering and its weakness knows:
And all who seek the truth shall find
That mercy to the erring flows.

4.

Ye servants of the Prince of Peace,
Show the blest influence of his word:
So shall the church of Christ increase,
And every tongue confess the Lord.

49. S. M.

["*If thou bring thy gift to the altar,*" *etc.*—MATT. v. 23, 24.]

1.

To God our hearts are known,
Each purpose of our mind;
Dissembling worship meets his frown,
Where malice lurks behind.

2.

Hypocrisy may bow,
And, with unhallow'd tongue,
In feign'd contrition bending low,
The heartless prayer prolong.

3.

The offending brother's tear
Can thy cold heart refuse?
O come not where the humble prayer
For pardoning mercy sues.

4.

Leave at the temple gate
Relentless scorn and pride,
And let no rankling smother'd hate
Within thy soul abide.

5.

Then on God's holy shrine
Thy sweet peace-offering lay;
So shall the smiles of Heaven be thine,
And soothe thy fears away.

6.

Life's dream may soon be o'er,
And death and judgement come:
Then, high and low, and rich and poor,
Shall hear their final doom.

50. C. M.

["*For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.*"—1 Cor. xv. 22.]

1.

Nor wisdom, innocence, nor truth
Can stay the fleeting breath;
Nor infant smiles, nor bloom of youth
Escape the dart of death.

2.

What countless myriads, yet unborn,
By his stern hand shall fall;
Till the last trump shall wake the morn,
And "God be all in all."

3.

Then death shall yield his tyrant sway;
This heaven-touch'd dust shall rise;
While the high triumphs of that day
Shall rend the vaulted skies.

4.

E'en now, to faith's pervading eye
His banner is display'd;
And man's great Saviour, throned on high,
With glory sits array'd.

5.

O day of gladness! when the just
Shall taste his wondrous love;
And springing from the lowly dust
Ascend the realms above!

6.

May we with that triumphant doom
Heaven's radiant crowns secure,
"Come, blessed of my Father, come
To joys eternal, pure!"

POEMS, SONGS, AND ADDRESSES,

RELATING TO FAMILY EVENTS.

TO MY WIFE:

WRITTEN

SOON AFTER THE BIRTH OF HER FIRST CHILD.

FULL many a bard has sung of Arno's vale,
Of Tuscan streams, and rich Campania's woods,
Or from some rock o'erhanging Keswick's dale
Dwelt on the expanded beauty of its floods:

Let Arno's vale with thousand flowers be gay,
Flow Tuscan streams, Campanian forests wave,
Sublime let Skiddaw rise in heaven's midway,
While headlong floods Lodore's dread basis lave:

I seek not these to feast my ravish'd eyes . . . .
O SUSAN! wife! while at thy swelling breast
Imbibing life thy new-born infant lies,
Or in thy circling arms sinks soft to rest . . . .

Here let me oft in silent watchings stay,
Kind fostering shade! frail, tender, beauteous flower
Till my fond soul with melting joy gives way,
And all the father yields to nature's power.

"O Nature, how in every charm supreme!"
Ah! how supreme, while working here unseen
She leads through secret ducts the milky stream,
And guides the unpractised lip with instinct keen!

Pleased to behold its life-sustaining toils,
More pleased the draught nectareous to supply,
Now the fond mother bending o'er him smiles,
Now up to Heaven directs her swelling eye . . . .

While I—O Susan! wife most loved, most dear!
What words shall paint the new-created joy
Which drinks up every sense? all eye, all ear,
Chain'd to the mother and her darling boy!

In her what mingling beauties meekly glow,
Transcending all that frantic lovers feign!
And fond prophetic judgement on his brow
Sees manly sense and truth and courage reign.

Now sated at the rich salubrious spring,
Supine and silent sinks his tender frame,
And smiles; while angels,* borne on lightest wing,
Breathe soft and pure the intellectual flame.

* When infants smile in sleep, it has been said that they see angels.

O ye blest spirits! watch his opening day,
And guard from rough mischance his growing prime;
And thou, celestial truth, with potent ray
Beam on his mind thine energy sublime:

Let gentle pity, who with cautious tread
Turns from the little emmet's labour'd hill,
His steps inform; yet let bold courage lead,
And justice mark the limits of his will.

Where'er in life's rough path his duty lies,
There may his generous labours still succeed!
And while or arm or studious head he plies,
Be virtuous peace his unembitter'd meed!

And when to me no more shall day return,
But sinking low I join my parent clay,
Then, while his eyes bedew a father's urn,
Thus, thus, unblamed of justice may he say:

"Cold earth, receive a parent loved, admired,
"And mourn'd with pious sorrow's welcome tears;
"Whose precepts every growing virtue fired,
"Whose fond example fix'd my riper years."

THE NURSERY.

1.

While in the midst of my sweet babes I sit,
Bearing this last dear pledge upon my knee,
And hear them try their little playful wit,
Their angry feuds, their childish jealousy,
Now courting social play, now froward, shy,
Now wild in gamesome freaks and antic pleasantry:

2.

Pausing awhile upon the changing scene,
For ever shifting between joy and tears,
With now and then an angry storm between,
Let a fond father weigh his hopes and fears.
Ah me! what anxious thoughts at once assail,
While with a trembling hand I poise the important scale!

3.

God of my life! my soul's unshaken rock!
Is it for me to doubt my shepherd's care;
To doubt this infant train, this little flock
Nor thy protection nor thy love shall share?
I, whose young tears bedew'd a father's grave,
Yet found in bounteous Heaven whate'er my soul might crave.

4.

Range, my sweet lambs, and crop the humble vale:
I shall not bid you climb yon mountain's brow,
Where down its slippery paths the impetuous gale
Drives the proud wanderer to the abyss below.
Fair to the eye its tempting scenes may rise,
Yet ambush'd in their shades the deadly ruin lies.

5.

What may not anxious, wakeful love supply,
What ills avert, what generous aid bestow,
When brother leagued with brother forms the tie
Which shares the bliss, and mitigates the woe?
Delightful bond! one wish inspires the whole,
One tender, kind solicitude, one strength, one soul.

6.

Yet who may bind when loud ambition calls?
Her maddening spirit fills the youthful brain;
No danger startles, and no fear appals,
And counsels, prayers, entreaties, all are vain:
The imperious tyrant drives him headlong on
To grasp the phantom bliss, be cheated and undone.

7.

And who can tell what dreadful feuds may rise;
What jealous dæmon, with accursed hate,
Envying this sweet domestic paradise,
May breathe dire discord through the happy state?
Ere then,—O earth! be thou their father's bed,
Shut out the torturing scene, and spare his aged head.

8.

But as the sailor whose observant eye
Sees the black storm at distance rolling on,
Or fears the shoals and rocks conceal'd that lie,
And tries his skill the dreadful wreck to shun....
Portentous gales that rise so may I mark,
Then seize the mental helm, and guide the driving bark!

9.

Good precept may do much, example more,
To prompt the ingenuous youth up virtue's hill;
Religion may unfold her holy lore,
And duty bend before a father's will:
Charm'd with our social joys, in these they share,
While pleasure's syren song but faintly strikes their ear.

10.

Yet oft does vice assume a borrow'd name,
Trick out her haggard form in virtue's vest,
At friendship's altar light the guilty flame,
Then drop the mask, and stand the fiend confest:
Alas! what spell shall guard the unwary heart,
Tear off the impostor's veil, and show the smooth-tongued art?

11.

So some poor infant quits its natal door,
Lured by the tempting fruit, or glittering toy,
To follow into paths untried before
Some miscreant hag well practised to decoy:
There stript and left the frantic victim stands,
Fills the wild woods with shrieks, and clasps its little hands.

12.

Yet wherefore should I ruminate on ill,
And poise in thought profound the doubtful scale?
Who gives the task will aid my little skill,
Nor suffer all a father's cares to fail:
His light shall burst thro' falsehood's thick-drawn cloud,
Shield the devoted head, and break the hostile crowd.

13.

For me,—what various tasks demand my care!
What pleasing toil, what sweet solicitude!
Each tender plant requires its separate share, ...
For while the labourer sleeps the soil grows rude:
More shade or genial warmth must be supplied,
More foresight lent to guard, more gentleness to guide:

14.

More firm resolve, to check the wild desire;
More skill, to guide it to its proper end;
When modest merit wishes to retire,
More prudent warmth, to cherish and commend:
More self-command, more watchings, broken sleep,
More care for worldly things, though taught to hold them cheap.

15.

Dear lovely babes! that bring this weight of care,
Sweet cares! that bind you closer to my heart,
A heart more proud your filial loves to share,
Than all that ease or affluence could impart,
O meekly bend to my indulgent reign,
Which asks no tyrant's rod, no mind-subduing chain.

16.

More settled calm now fills my anxious soul,
Scenes pregnant with delight unfold their stores;
More honour crowns my years, as on they roll
Bearing my little skiff to life's dark shores:
E'en then more light shall break athwart the gloom,
And when I bend to earth more tears shall wet my tomb!

1791.

TO CYNTHIA.

THE TRAVELLING NIGHT.

CYNTHIA! thou truant from our northern skies,
In vain I gaze, and long to see thee rise,
Thy curved horns tipt with the silvery gleam!
Where art thou wandering with thy lamp of light?
And why in such a dark and dreary night
Turn'st from my lovely SUE thy guardian beam?

Where'er her chariot wheels pursue their way
Around her should thy trembling moonbeams play,
Brightening the winding lane and forest wide.
Inconstant orb! thy absence chills my soul;
While night in deepest shade involves the pole,
And thousand dangers ambush at HER side.

Cynthia! why waste thy light on Afric's plain,
Or thy bright lamp hang o'er the foaming main?
In vain thou seek'st for charms like hers I love.
If beauty, virtue, Cynthia, be thy care,
Or plighted vows or Hymen's bands be dear,
Shine, Cynthia, and my anxious fears remove.

TO MY WIFE:

WRITTEN FROM LONDON.

The soldier who reluctant draws
His sword to urge the tyrant laws
Of some despotic chief,
While Cynthia mounts her peaceful car,
And views the ravage of the war,
Oft vents his secret grief.

His native plains, his lowly shed,
And the loved partner of his bed,
His tenderest thoughts employ;
How doubly dear his parent soil,
How sweet the days of former toil,
And evening's temperate joy!

So I, whom busy cares detain,
Compell'd to toil for sordid gain,
That tyrant of the mind;
When from the busy murmur free,
My active thoughts all fly to thee,
And there sweet solace find.

VERSES

ADDRESSED TO MY DAUGHTER SUSAN,

ON HER MARRIAGE WITH DR. HENRY REEVE.

WHILST thou, dear SUSAN, from thy Father's door
Turn'st with strange feelings never felt before;
His feet the long-frequented round shall keep,
His eye for thee shall search, perhaps shall weep.
As the young fly, just burst its native shell,
Spreads its gay wings, and bids its place farewell;
So thou, new modell'd for thy future life,
And from the altar steps return'd a wife,
Bidd'st thy swift chariot bear thee far away,
Through distant vales, midst unknown scenes to stray.

But yesterday, and thou wert all mine own;
I claim'd obedience then, and I alone:
No solemn vow had pass'd those lips of thine;
Love might be shared, but duty still was mine.
Now HENRY claims the transfer of thy heart,
Thy love, thy duty, thought, and care, and art:

For him thy mind unfolds its varied store,
Gives cheerful what it has, and seeks for more;
And if kind Nature (to a father's eye)
Gave aught of beauty, grace, or symmetry,
His are the charms that beam upon thy face,
Art's studied polish, Nature's sweetest grace.
Thy love, thy duty, happy to receive,
What in sweet interchange shall HENRY give?
The noble offering of a manly heart,
Where love was nature robb'd of every dart:
Though young as innocence, yet fixt and true,
One tender tie, one object still in view;
He gives the heart that loves, the hand that leads,
The wish that prompts affection's loveliest deeds;
He gives fidelity, and worth, and name,
And makes thee partner in his rising fame;
Gives thee that sweetest sympathy to prove,
Which feasts upon the praise of those we love:
Sweet barter of the soul! whose only boast
Is who shall *give*, not who shall *take*, the most.

Thus with fair opening morn and smiling skies,
Love in your hearts and rapture in your eyes,
While gratulations usher in the day,
Forth on life's flattering path you skim your way:
And who with ill-timed moralizing strain
Shall check this sweet delirium of the brain,

O'er the bright scene shall wish a gloom to cast,
And ask, how long the pleasing dream shall last?
Long may it last, ye happy, happy pair!
Long smile the heavens, the opening morn still fair!
Yet grateful while the present bliss you share,
Joy has no mask, prosperity no snare.
That 'cross your path dark clouds may sometimes blow,
And the sweet stream of human bliss run low,
These truths dear SUSAN has not now to learn,
Like one untutor'd in life's great concern.

O may a gentle fate your paths attend,
Beloved of all, the neighbour and the friend!
Where duty calls, there be the first to speed,
The task of virtue yours, and yours her meed:
And while, in innocence and honour drest,
You share the transports of your HENRY's breast,
May I, though missing THEE, still boast I've won;
Not lost a DAUGHTER, but have gain'd a SON.

Sept. 17, 1807.

ON A ROSE-BUSH,

WHICH I PLANTED UPON THE GRAVE OF MY GRAND-CHILD SUSAN REEVE, WHO DIED APRIL 12, 1814.

From the green turf that hides the dear remains
Of her whom death from fell disease reprieved,
Susan, my darling child, there springs a rose,
A white rose, planted by her grandsire's hand
And water'd by his tear. He fondly thought
Its spotless leaves, unfolding to the sun,
Then torn and ruffled by the churlish winds,
Would be to him an emblem of her mind
And of her fate. Alas! before the plant
Had time to hang its blossoms o'er thy grave,
In one short year, ah, dark distressful year!
Thy much-loved Wallace claims a brother's place.
Sweet rose! what now shall twine its branch with thine,
Emblems of infant love and angel innocence?

PARAPHRASE

OF

A POEM WRITTEN IN LATIN VERSE BY THE LATE DR. HENRY REEVE,

WHILST ON A VISIT AT AYLMERTON PARSONAGE-HOUSE.

First translated into English prose by another hand.

O ye fair fields, ye woods and flowery plains,
Where meek tranquillity delighted reigns,
Within your shades, remote from care and strife,
The pious Rector tastes the bliss of life.
Here blooms around whate'er enchants the eye,
Her treasure Flora spreads in rich supply;
With woodbine sweet she screens the mansion o'er,
And twines it round the hospitable door:
Here from the hill's steep side cool fountains play,
Or through green meads incessant glide away:
Deep forests throw their darkening shades between,
And laughing fields diversify the scene.
What joy expands the breast, while all around
The promised harvest waves along the ground!

For Nature now with ever-liberal hand
Her choicest treasures scatters o'er the land:
Here, from tall cliffs the dashing surge that brave,
We hear the roar, and view the swelling wave.
But now the wind its boisterous rage restrains,
Or pent in caves old Æolus detains;
The fearless mariner now crowds his sail,
And courts the breath of every passing gale.
From our rich soil what stately trees arise,
And lift their leafy honours to the skies!
There the wing'd artists build their curious nest,
And seek in deepest shades their nightly rest;
There, while at eve along the grove we stray,
Sweet Philomela charms the devious way.
Morn now returns; slow rising from the main
The dazzling glory spreads o'er all the plain;
Waked by its beams the swallow takes his flight,
And in swift circles sports in fields of light.
The faithful shepherd now unpens his charge,
And bids his woolly shearlings roam at large:
Quick scattering o'er the sea-girt down they spread,
Or crop the dewy herbage of the mead.
Ah happy, happy swain! thy peaceful breast
Nor torturing fears nor blasting cares infest;
Content in lowly vales thy flock to tend,
Thy cot, thy mansion; and thy dog, thy friend.—

Now Ceres holds her joy-inspiring reign,
Her yellow sheaves lie heap'd upon the plain;
Through the long village sounds the harvest horn,
Wakes the stout rustic, and proclaims the morn.
Arm'd with his reaping-hook or keen-edged scythe,
He leads the rural train, and carols blythe.
Now with resistless sweep they bend their course,
While rustling furrows fall beneath their force.
Thus through the burning day the toil goes on;
And when at night both light and strength are gone,
With the last wain the jolly reapers come,
And cheer the path with songs of "Harvest home."
'Neath the straw roof they stretch their weary length,
And ask sound slumbers and renewed strength.
See, where the barn is press'd with golden store,
While many a swelling stack surrounds its door.
Now cease the toils, the festive joys begin,
Rude sports abroad, and flowing cheer within.
Now smokes the massy sirloin on the board,
And stout October quits the cellar's hoard.
Ceres, thy triumphs Bacchus deigns to share,
And with full goblets drowns obtrusive care.
All share the joy, gay youth and wrinkled age,
The happy bridegroom and the matron sage.
—Ah foolish mortals, who to rural joys
Prefer the smoky city's ceaseless noise!

Sweet peace, and all the bliss from peace that flows,
On him alone all-bounteous Heaven bestows
Who in these tranquil shades through nature strays,
And lives to benefit, enjoy, and praise.
O Dryads! Fauns! and ye who roam unseen,
The happy spirits of the sylvan scene,
Where could your footsteps more delighted range?
What for our bowers and woodlands would ye change?
No softer gales perfume the morning air,
No gentler zephyrs flutter round the fair.
O happy mansion, where the social powers
Lead on the gentle train of blissful hours!
Thy bright endearing scenes with joy I taste,
And sigh to think such transports cannot last.

1800.

LINES

WRITTEN BY MR. JOHN TAYLOR

UNDER THE LAST ENTRY MADE BY MR. RICHARD TAYLOR, IN HIS MEMORANDUM-BOOK, A FEW DAYS BEFORE HIS DEATH, NEAR THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR 1790.

MORTAL no more! thine earthly task is done;
Death points to where thy finish'd course is run;
Thy year is spent, thy chequer'd scene is o'er,
And grief and joy divide thy heart no more.
Haste! shut thy book, and Heaven's appointments hear.
Be now thy last account thy only care.
Dark is the vale of death; but faith is strong,
And kindred spirits beckon thee along.
Spare, gracious Heaven! his frailties oh forgive,
And let his soul in bliss eternal live.

On the 9th of January, 1791, it pleased God to take from this world my dear brother, Richard Taylor, in the thirty-ninth year of his age. His disease was the gout in his stomach, attended with asthmatic and other complaints, which were too powerful for a constitution naturally weak. He left the world perfectly resigned, frequently repeating, at his latter end, those consolatory words, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give rest unto your souls." He was buried in the Meeting-Yard, Manchester.

TO HIS BROTHER,

THE REV. PHILIP TAYLOR, ON HIS LEAVING NORWICH, AUGUST 30, 1824.

In pain, through accident and fell disease,
Stretch'd on my pillow'd bed, I seek for ease;
I watch the early hour that bids thee rise,
And ask kind Heaven for pure unclouded skies.
Thy well-known tread in slow advance I hear,
And sigh to feel our last adieu is near;
The hand close grasp'd, the kind fraternal kiss,
The prayer for earthly peace and heavenly bliss;
The moisten'd eye, the sigh, the heart's full swell,
That check'd all utterance to the last farewell:
All those have pass'd—the trying scene is o'er.
Thy chariot leaves the old paternal door;
That door which, years long past (eventful time!)
Thy infant feet in vain essay'd to climb.
To us unknown the future, who shall say,
Even at the close of life's last lingering day,
But some bright gleam from our declining sun
May gild the horizon ere its race be run;

Ere the dimm'd eye hath lost the power to trace
The much-loved features of a brother's face;
Ere the dull ear no longer to the heart
Conveys the words from languid lips that part;
Or feeble hands and tottering knees betray
The impending ruin of this house of clay?
Brother, farewell! if Heaven's decree has pass'd,
And this sweet intercourse must be our last,
O teach me, looking through this speck of time
To scenes more bright, affections more sublime;
Teach me upon that blissful hope to lean,
Delightful foretaste of a glorious scene.
O heavenly hope! sweet cordial to the heart,
No stinted bliss to share, no more to part;
Where kindred spirits shall once more unite,
Fill'd with Heaven's love and beaming with its light;
And that dear union death alone untied,
Renew'd shall through eternity abide.
Worlds may dissolve, but souls survive to see
The boundless ages of eternity.

EPITAPH,

DESIGNED FOR THE TOMB OF MRS. SAMUEL TAYLOR, IN BANHAM CHURCHYARD.

The trees which o'er my grave do throw their shade,
Chill'd by the killing frosts, let fall their leaves;
But spring beholds the wreck which winter made,
Swells the new bud, and all the waste retrieves.

So, bending to the blow which death did give,
Once more to earth's cold bosom do I cling;
But roused by God's own voice this clay shall live,
And bloom afresh in Heaven's eternal spring.

1795.

SONNET,

ON THE REMOVAL OF MR. AND MRS. PHILIP MEADOWS MARTINEAU FROM THEIR HOUSE IN ST. GEORGE'S AT COLEGATE.

Scarce shelter'd from the storm that onward rolls,
The mountain peasant hears the dreadful blast;
Instant he sees his tottering hut laid waste,
While o'er his prostrate bower the torrent howls,
Scattering his fairest myrtles; all in vain
He strives the sinking ruin to uphold
Where many a winter's evening, dark and cold,
His blazing faggot cheer'd his little train.

So while your last and parting wheels roll by,
And bear from hence the neighbour and the friend,
I hear the harsh and grating sound, and sigh
To think how soon life's sweetest comforts end:
What now shall all those nameless charms supply,
Delightful interchange of heart and ear and eye?

1798.

VALENTINES.

TO ANNE TAYLOR.

(Now Mrs. Philip Worsley.)

Fields that once were green
  Now are dazzling white;
Paths so gay and clean
  Now offend the sight:
Still, my love unchanged is thine,
Dearest Anne, my Valentine!

Once the streamlet flow'd,
  Now 'tis bound in chains;
Swans with necks so proud
  Quit its icy plains:
Pleased I wear such chains as thine,
Dearest Anne, sweet Valentine!

Late, the tuneful birds
  Sang in every bush;
Now the shivering herds,
  Bird and beast, are hush:
Only I to sing incline,—
All my song, sweet Valentine!

Who has pluck'd the flowers?
Who has stript the trees?
Silenced all our bowers?
Winter does all these:
Vainly winter's frowns combine,
While *she* smiles, my Valentine!

AMORET.

1818.

TO MASTER HENRY REEVE.

(With a Magnet.)

WHAT's here! a Magnet! yes, 'tis true,
A magnet for a Valentine!
A magnet 'tis, and so are *you*,
Believe me, 'tis no joke of mine.
"A magnet! strange! a magnet I?"
Stand still, and let me tell you why.

First, you must know, as wise men say,
Magnets two different laws obey:
One End is good, you cannot doubt it,
For see, it draws all things about it.
It is so pleasant, so inviting,
So free to all, and so delighting,
That all things seem as running races,
To meet this good End's kind embraces.

How charming! Well, my little friend,
Now let us view the other End:
Alas, this End a different tale will bring,
For 'tis a sad, ill-natured, peevish thing;
So cross, so shy,
That no one will come near it;
But off they fly,
As if they could not bear it.

"But why am *I* a magnet? I can't see
How this poor little toy resembles me."
Come, let me then the history unfold;
I think I'll make you know,
Before I let you go,
How the comparison will hold.

Like magnet, Henry, you possess
Two sides or Ends;
One is all love, and sweet obligingness,
Willing to please, and eager to caress,
Attracting all your friends;
To show this End is always right;
But keep the other,
As much as may be, out of sight;
For, though it is a brother,
'Tis but a surly one, of different feature,
Shunn'd for its dullness, pride, and strange ill-nature.

If e'er you find this naughty End
Should wish to come in play,
Peeping out of his case,
To show his ugly face,
Take my advice, my little friend,
And never let him have his way.
Take up these friendly lines and read,
To drive the urchin from your head;
But keep the *good End* always in our sight,
And be of all the darling and delight.

AVUS.

Feb. 12, 1819.

TO HENRY REEVE.

(With a Portfolio.)

Is a Portfolio something like the mind?
Yes, Henry, 'tis, and I will tell you why:
There, in its confines, sometimes you shall find
Of Art and Taste the happiest supply;

Beauties of every sort, the gay, the grave,
Nature's sweet charms, and History's sober page;
The colour and the truth that youth should have,
And e'en the bolder strokes of ripen'd age.

TO MASTER HENRY REEVE.

(With a Book.)

Sure memory is a precious thing,
And hapless they who lose it;
But take my Book, 'twill give a lift
To those who shall peruse it.

Henry, I'll put you to this test,
(Say, do I make too free?)
I'll think his memory the best,
Who best remembers me.

TO KATE TAYLOR.

(Now Mrs. James Whittle.)

Ere the young painter ventures on design,
First let him copy out the well-drawn line,
Nor be too proud to mark the light and shade,
Which some experienced artist has display'd.
Thus 'tis in life, dear Kate; we search around,
And when the purest model we have found,
Upon its beauteous form we love to dwell,
With virtuous emulation to excel.

Our learned Sires this line would oft repeat,
The infant mind is like a spotless sheet;
Upon its face the slightest spot appears,
And spoils the beauty of our future years;
With skill and judgment let your pencil trace,
And every well-turn'd line be touch'd with grace.

FAMILY POEMS, SONGS, AND ADDRESSES.

SONG.

SUNG BY THE AUTHOR AT A FAMILY MEETING OF TAYLORS AND MARTINEAUS, 1784.

Tune.—"Ye Warwickshire Lads."

1.

Be cheerful, my lads, now we've met round the board,
To partake the best welcome our Host can afford;
And since 'tis but seldom we meet one and all,
Let mirth and good-humour attend at our call.

Chorus.—Every heart light and gay,
Care and spleen far away;
We meet to be merry,
Sing hey down derry!
This day of all days is our jubilee day.

2.

The MATRON[a] who rules at our festival board,
And who shares in the pleasures this day can afford,
She shall judge our pretensions, and give or withhold
The reward of her praise when our story is told.

Chorus.—Every heart, etc.

3.

How pleasing to think of our juvenile joys,
And to tell of our sports, and our pranks, and our toys!
But turn from the past, from the boy to the man,
And let each give the fairest account that he can.

Chorus.—Every heart, etc.

4.

The PARSON[b] stands first on the family rolls,
And he boasts of the care and direction of souls.
What a pity, poor man! he should preach, sing, and pray,
Till the flesh from his bones is all wasted away.

Chorus.—Every heart, etc.

[a] Mrs. Martineau, formerly Miss Meadows.

[b] The Rev. Philip Taylor, of Harold's Cross, Dublin, Minister of Eustace Street Chapel.

5.

The Doctor[a] comes next, with his physical grace,
And he feels at your pulse and examines your case;
Then gravely foretells you'll grow better or worse:
So he drenches your body and empties your purse.

Chorus.—Every heart, etc.

6.

See the Combers[b] appear, of importance so full,
You would swear that their wits were a-gathering wool;
Or, like Jason and all the mad heroes of Greece,
They were hot in pursuit of the bright golden fleece.

Chorus.—Every heart, etc.

7.

As the Parson can lessons for living supply,
Here come two[c] who with blushing can teach you to dye;
For daily they dye, yet they still are alive,
And for living and dyeing alternately strive.

Chorus.—Every heart, etc.

[a] Mr. Martineau, of St. George's at Colegate, afterwards of Bracondale.

[b] Mr. John Taylor (the author) and his brother Mr. Richard Taylor.

[c] Mr. David and Mr. Peter Finch Martineau, then dyers at Norwich.

8.

Look sharp to your purses! the LAWYER[a] is nigh,
With a quirk on his tongue and a leer in his eye;
He can lead you the dance of the courts if you please,
And amuse you with costs and demurrers and fees.

Chorus.—Every heart, etc.

9.

The BREWER comes forward, the Lambeth young squire,[b]
And he cracks of his stout and his butts of Entire;
'Tis the liquor of life,—let the tankard go round,
And may plenty of gold in his barrels be found.

Chorus.—Every heart, etc.

10.

The next in the order of place and of birth
Is the FARMER,[c] that restless disturber of earth,
Who hoards from her treasures great store for himself,
While he laughs at his landlord and pockets the pelf.

Chorus.—Every heart, etc.

[a] Mr. Meadows Taylor, of Diss.

[b] Mr. John Martineau, of King's Arms Stairs, afterwards of Stamford Hill.

[c] Mr. Samuel Taylor, of Hinton, afterwards of Banham and Buckenham.

11.

The MERCHANT[a] comes next, with his loss and his gain,
And his credit on 'Change and his ships on the main;
To the east, to the west, see his sails are unfurl'd,
And to save cent. per cent. he would pillage the world.

Chorus.—Every heart, etc.

12.

Come, forward, young WEB,[b] though no beard's on your chin,
You may boast that with wool you can cover your skin;
And, young as you are, you have tricks in your head,
Good store of your own, and some few of your trade.

Chorus.—Every heart, etc.

13.

Fair SISTERS,[c] as blooming as flowers in May,
For you and your doings pray what shall we say?
We can only deplore that no man with one eye
Can your beauties, your merits, your virtues espy.

Chorus.—Every heart, etc.

[a] Mr. Thomas Taylor.

[b] Mr. Thomas Martineau, of Magdalen Street, Norwich.

[c] Miss Margaret and Miss Sarah Taylor, of Diss, afterwards of Buckenham.

14.

Here's a health to the lad who is honest and good,
No disgrace to his country, his name, or his blood;
May he live to grow old, and be happy to see
His descendants as numerous and friendly as we.

Chorus.—Every heart, etc.

SONG,

FOR THE FAMILY MEETING, JULY 12, 1796.

Tune.—"The Dusky Night."

1.

The star of eve now gilds the sky
With mild and steady light,
While we to friendship, love, and wine
Will consecrate this night.

Chorus.—Then so merry let us be,
And so merry we will be,
And drive old care and spleen away
From such joyous company.

2.

Old Time, who ranges round the world,
And journeys in such haste,
Now finds us, after twelve long years,
Just where he left us last.

Chorus.—Then so merry, etc.

3.

He sees, to grace our kindred board,
The parent stem preside;
While round the thrifty branches play,
Or twigs extending wide.

Chorus.—Then so merry, etc.

4.

Our Parson and our Doctor still
Their powerful drugs prepare;
And mental and corporeal ill
Shall find no quarter here.

Chorus.—Then so merry, etc.

5.

Old Time, to grace our Lawyer's head,
Has shed his earliest snow;
But see, the fees of seven long years
Have brighten'd up his brow.

Chorus.—Then so merry, etc.

6.

Those who by dyeing could not live
Now stick to good brown stout;
By this their constitutions thrive,
So push the can about!

Chorus.—Then so merry, etc.

7.

His wavy fields and flocks and herds
Our honest Farmer leaves,
And values more our social joys
Than Ceres' golden sheaves.

Chorus.—Then so merry, etc.

8.

Fair Sisters and fair Cousins too,
For whom old Time stands still,
For you the Loves with willing hands
Perennial dews distil.

Chorus.—Then so merry, etc.

9.

While Time within his spacious range
Has alter'd all we view,
Say, shall we bless the power or not
That makes no change in you?

Chorus.—Then so merry, etc.

10.

But see, o'er all the native soil
What vigorous scions rise;
The expanding circle stretches wide,
And hope and joy supplies.

Chorus.—Then so merry, etc.

11.

New lawyers soon shall touch the fee,
Surveyors trace our lands;
While *this* sends round the cheerful glass,
And *that* the fleece commands.*

Chorus.—Then so merry, etc.

12.

Then join we all in heart and hand;
'Tis friendship fills the bowl;
One wish inspires this happy band,
One love cements the whole.

Chorus.—Then so merry, etc.

Some of the letters received by my father from his brother Thomas refer to the Family Meeting of 1796. In one dated from Liverpool, May 27th of that year, he says:—

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* Not one of the anticipations contained in this verse was realized. The persons here alluded to were—my cousin Philip Meadows Taylor, who was designed for the Law, but preferred joining his uncle Thomas, as a Liverpool merchant.

The intended Surveyor was my brother John, who, after serving his time at Norwich, left it at the close of the century, for Tavistock.

Richard was designed for his grandfather's successor at the glass-shop in St. Andrew's.

Edward was destined for a wool-factor, but, before he succeeded to the business, both spinning and weaving had migrated from Norfolk to Yorkshire.—E. T.

"A fine breeze from the north-west has brought our brother and sister Philip and their daughter Maria safely in twenty hours. They landed in tolerable good health, considering the fatigue of the voyage."

My father had invited Mr. Clarke (at that time the head partner of one of the Liverpool banks, and one of my uncle's most valued friends) to accompany him to Norwich In a letter dated April 5th, 1796, he says:—

"I thank you for your kind letter of the 16th, which has removed a difficulty under which I laboured as to the mode of travelling I should adopt in my intended journey; for when I came to consider the number of miles I should have to travel, I confess the idea of undertaking it by myself was by no means pleasant.* If Mr. Clarke goes with me we shall of course travel in a whiskey; and I shall be obliged to you to give me a route from Nottingham to Norwich, the best and nearest way. I never was in Lincolnshire, and shall therefore have no objection to any part of that county, for I suppose in July the roads must be passable in any direction."

On his return to Liverpool, after the Family Meeting, he thus writes (September 3rd, 1796):—

"I most perfectly agree with you in opinion, that I never passed a few weeks so much to my mind as during our late meeting. It is indeed to be regretted that such happy days occur so seldom in the course of one's life."

E. T.

* At this time it was only possible to reach Norwich from Liverpool in stage-coaches, coming round by London.

SONG,

FOR A FAMILY PARTY.

Tune.—"Precious Goblet."

The following elegant song, from the pen of Dr. WILLIAM ENFIELD, I have inserted here, not only as a testimony of my great respect for his memory, but because it stands connected with one of those large convivial meetings of our family, where he was a welcome guest, and which he enlivened by his cheerfulness and sensibility.

HAIL the festive joyous hour!
Welcome every social power!
Smooth, old Time, thy furrow'd brow,
Far hence be care and sorrow now.

Chorus.—Love and friendship crown the day,
Every heart shall own their sway.

Memory, bring thy choicest stores;
Fancy, strew thy brightest flowers;
Hymen, god of chaste desires,
Now trim thy lamp and fan thy fires.

Chorus.—Love and friendship crown the day,
Every heart shall own their sway.

Tell of childhood's playful years,
Free from cares and free from fears;
Tell of youthful sports and wiles,
And tender sighs and wanton smiles.

Chorus.—Love and friendship crown the day,
Every heart shall own their sway.

Sing of parents' opening joys,
Infant trains of girls and boys;
Rising virtues, growing charms,
While love each kindred bosom warms.

Chorus.—Love and friendship crown the day,
Every heart shall own their sway.

Sing the precious fruit matured,
Firm affection, faith assured;
Mutual kindness, mutual aid,
Each debt of love by love repaid.

Chorus.—Love and friendship crown the day,
Every heart shall own their sway.

Band of happy brothers, hail!
Joys like these can never fail;
Mirth, with all her frolic train,
Shall echo back each joyful strain.

Chorus.—Love and friendship crown the day,
Every heart be blithe and gay.

ADDRESS,

SPOKEN AT A FAMILY MEETING.

The several branches of my family assembled at my house on the 20th July, 1796, Mrs. Martineau, my mother's sister, being then present; when the grandchildren of these two ladies, nineteen in number, entered the room in procession according to their ages: at their head advanced Philip Meadows Taylor, son of my brother, the Rev. Philip Taylor of Dublin, and, after due obeisance, made the following address to the seniors of the family.

O'er Asia's deserts through the trackless sand
When pious pilgrims seek the Holy Land,
Each in his hand some worthy offering bears,
Which to the shrine with silent awe he rears;
Prints on the senseless stone the raptured kiss,
And treasures in his heart the purchased bliss: . . . .
So we, the children of your anxious care,
Thus seek our pious offering to prepare.
But neither myrrh nor costly gems nor gold
In their young hands these infant pilgrims hold;

'Tis in their hearts the richer treasure lies,
Heaves in their breasts, and sparkles in their eyes.
To you, more precious than the monarch's crown,
We lay our tribute—*love* and *duty*—down.
Kind parents, deign this offering to receive:
'Tis our best wealth, 'tis all we have to give.
For, what have we to boast? Not that we spring
From the proud minion of some warlike king;
Not that our great progenitors could tell
What numerous acres did their rent-roll swell;
We only boast that in *our* youthful veins
Flows blood untainted with ignoble stains;
That upwards as our lengthening line we trace
No secret blush avows the foul disgrace:
Various their talents, but they all pursued [good.
Their friend's, their neighbour's, and their country's
To fancy's eye the sainted spirits come;
We hear their voice as from the sacred tomb:
This strong appeal, this awful call, we hear,
We feel the high monition, and revere.
Here at this kindred altar bow we down,
Here breathe the wish for virtue, for renown;
For all those brightest honours that attend
The son, the parent, citizen, and friend:
Our first desire, a spotless name to raise,
Our high reward, your favour, love, and praise.

July 20, 1796.

FAMILY SONG,

COMPOSED AND SUNG BY MR. JOHN TAYLOR, AT A MEETING OF MEMBERS OF THE TAYLOR AND MARTINEAU FAMILIES, 1801.

Tune.—"Ally Croker."

1.

Though I for thirty years or more have bother'd all your brains, Sirs,
And tax'd your sweet good-humour, too, to listen to my strains, Sirs;
Yet since I've 'scaped unblanketed, like beggar-man so sturdy,
I'll once more try to move your hearts and grind my hurdy-gurdy.

Chorus.—Round about, round about life's wheel does fly;
Blessed be the memory of joys gone by!

2.

The century that's gone and o'er unlock'd for us its treasure,
And if a morning cloud came on, the evening beam'd with pleasure.
We scarcely fear'd the pelting storm when friendship gave us shelter;
And if Dame Fortune gave a kick, our spirit hardly felt her.

Chorus.—Round about, etc.

3.

Our tree of life is not so tall to court the boisterous gale, Sirs;
Let others seek the mountain-top, we choose the humble vale, Sirs;
Where'er we found a stubborn glebe, we doubled all our toil, Sirs,
Though some of us have flourish'd well upon a *loamy** soil, Sirs.

Chorus.—Round about, etc.

4.

Strong branches shoot on every side, or saplings young and slender,
Green twigs that flutter in the gale, and buds so sweet and tender;
O never may the pinching frost destroy the opening blossom,
But let them stand the fairest boast of nature's teeming bosom.

Chorus.—Round about, etc.

5.

But since no plant or tree on earth can bear a constant drought, Sirs,
But loves to feel the trickling drop descend from leaf to root, Sirs,
Let us not drily wither here, but nature's law obey, Sirs,
And with a drop of generous wine let 's moisten well our clay, Sirs.

Chorus.—Round about, etc.

* It was about this time that my uncle Meadows received an addition to his fortune by the bequest of Mr. Thomas Lombe, of Cambridge; after whom he named his second son, Mr. Thomas Lombe Taylor, now of Starston.

FAMILY SONG,

SUNG AT A MEETING, AUGUST 12, 1807.

1.

As well might a soldier parading
Without arms meet his colonel's upbraiding;
As well without text
Might the priest be perplex'd
As I, unprepared with a song.

2.

I have sung when our spring-time was blooming,
I have sung when our summer was coming;
And now when the year
Mellows into the sear
I venture once more on a song.

3.

For the man must be churlish or stupid,
Neither favour'd by Bacchus nor Cupid,
Who to kindred and blood,
All so beauteous and good,
Can deny the small boon of a song.

4.

Let us sing then of love and affection,
Infant smiles, and maternal protection;
Of the honour of youth,
Female sweetness and truth,
And what voice but shall join in the song?

5.

What though some of us seniors are feeling
Where the hand of old Time has been stealing,
Each bosom still glows,
While he scatters his snows,
And we still bear a part in the song.

6.

Like a forest our race is fast spreading,
And like some, too, their honours are shedding;
Yet look through the ground,
See what saplings abound,
Where the wood-nymphs may charm with their song.

7.

Nor yet while our grove was a-planting
Were your snug little evergreens wanting;
They have stood heat and cold,
Yet you need not be told
That their shade well repays for a song.

8.

Underneath the tall elm, its defender,
See the woodbine so graceful and slender;
While the tender young vine
Throws a shade round the pine,
Where Hymen might carol his song.

9.

There reposing beneath the thick bower,
Let us hail the beneficent Power;
May his torch ever burn,
And each youth in his turn
Find a maiden to join in his song.

10.

Then with heart as with hand close united,
May love still with love be requited;
Let us bless the kind Power
Which allows us this hour,
And with gratitude close we the song.

FAMILY SONG,

SUNG AT A MEETING, AUGUST 4, 1814.

Tune composed by Edward Taylor.

Triumphs, laurels, and renown
Hard earn'd in fields of death,—
Fame for these her trump has blown,
And now she 's out of breath.
Kings and warriors leave our shores,
For they have had their day;
Now the festal board is ours,
And friendship claims the lay.

Chorus.—Come away, come away,
Come in young and old;
Strength may decay,
But not love grow old.

Ye whom fate through many a road
To various duties led,
Labouring for the general good
With hand, or heart, or head,

Come from north and come from south,
And come from distant isles,
Join the comrades of your youth,
And share a sister's smiles.

Chorus.—Come away, etc.

Sure this spot on which we meet
Is almost sacred ground,
Where two centuries complete
Our ancestors were found.*
Every scene that meets our eyes,
Or stone on which we tread,
Tales of boyish enterprise,
Or joy or grief, may read.

Chorus.—Come away, etc.

Captains of a playful troop
When innocence was all,
When we urged the circling hoop,
Or caught the flying ball;

* The families of Hall and Lombe, from whom the Taylors and Martineaus are descended, resided in St. George's at Colegate. In the family vault in that church are buried John Hall, Mayor of Norwich in 1701 and 1715, and Margaret his wife (born Lombe); also Philip Meadows, Mayor of Norwich in 1734, who married Margaret, daughter of the above-mentioned John Hall; and in the same

Ye who loitering, arm in arm,
Their little path pursued,
Where, on learning's lowest form,
Her pigmy votaries stood;

Chorus.—Come away, etc.

Welcome, welcome, do we give
To this harmonious band;
Plighted troth let each receive,
Each give the friendly hand.
Fortune may sometimes run low,
And clouds obscure the sky;
Friendship's hand averts the blow,
Or soothes adversity.

Chorus.—Come away, etc.

vault, Richard Taylor, who married Margaret, the eldest daughter of Alderman Meadows.

The Martineaus were buried in the French Church.

The first of the Lombe family that I can find mentioned is John Lombe, who was Sheriff of Norwich in 1637. The name of Lombe, by male descent, has long become extinct, but has been obtained, together with the large estates in Melton and Bylaugh, successively by persons whose original names were Hase, Beevor, and now (1860) Evans. The only person who bears the name by legitimate lineal descent is Mr. Thomas Lombe Taylor, mentioned at page 106.—E. T.

GLEE,

SUNG AT THE SAME MEETING.

Air.—"In my Cot."

Not the sighs of vernal gale
  Murmurs of the crystal rill,
Nor the fragrance of the vale,
  Vocal grove, or verdant hill,*—
None of these, like friendship, pours
  Never-ending treasure,
Sunshine of our social hours,
  Beaming joy and pleasure.

Time may roll with silent pace,
  Nature take its wonted range;
These may wear a varying face,
  But our hearts shall never change.
Fortune is a fickle power,
  Honour's but a feather;
Friendship, like a mountain flower,
  Braves both wind and weather.

* The first four lines are borrowed.

SONG,

COMPOSED FOR THE FAMILY MEETING, AUGUST 3, 1819, AT WHICH SIXTY-FIVE MEMBERS WERE PRESENT.*

Tune composed by Edward Taylor.

1.

Briskly blows the western gale
From Erin's verdant isle,
Fills with friendly breath each sail,
While heaven and ocean smile.
Welcome to his native shore
The Nestor of our band
Centre of the attractive power
That clasps each greeting hand.

Chorus.—Hands around, hands around,
Weave the family chain;
Joy knows no bound
Where love holds his reign.

* As my father's house was the residence of my uncle Philip on every occasion of his visiting his Norwich relatives, the first Family Meeting was held at the old family-house in St. George's at Colegate, and the second at the beautiful residence of Mr. Philip Meadows Martineau, at Bracondale. But this year no room in

2.

Welcome ye whose ready ear
  Affection's call obeys,
Mustering in our ranks appear
  To grace our festal days.
Those whose head Time's stealing hand
  His snow has scattered o'er,
Ye, the ingenuous manly band,
  And beauty's sweetest flower.

Chorus.—Hands around, etc.

3.

Sportive youth and maiden meek,
  All, all are welcome here;
Those who Hymen's altar seek
  Connubial bliss to share.
Frugal though the simple feast,
  'Tis spread by willing hands;
Wit to wine shall add its zest,
  Whilst joy the heart expands.

Chorus.—Hands around, etc.

the old house in St. George's was large enough to seat and entertain sixty-five guests, the largest number that had ever assembled on any similar occasion. The members of the Hall Concert Society, to which my father and I belonged, willingly granted the use of their concert-room, adjoining St. George's Bridge, to which allusion, it will be seen, is made in my father's song and my uncle Philip's Address.—E. T.

4.

"All the world," our bard has said,
"Is but a scenic stage:"
Some of us our parts have play'd
From youth to reverend age.
Soon we quit the boards—what then?
A troop shall fill our place;
All our parts act o'er again
With bright excelling grace.

Chorus.—Hands around, etc.

5.

Fairest daughter of the sky,
Within whose dome we meet,
Hear, celestial Harmony,
The vows our hearts repeat.
Still thy votaries let us be,
Thy gentle reign who own,
Pledge of pure felicity,
Of fondest hopes the crown.

Chorus.—Hands around, etc.

CATCH,

SUNG AT THE SAME MEETING.

Tune.—"Hark! the bonny Christ-Church Bells."

See the Taylors all in a row!
One, two, three, four, five, six:
They look so woundy proud,
They sing so loud;
Yet they troll right merrily, merrily.
Hark! the jolly Martineaus
That every round the bottle goes
Cry fill, fill, fill, fill, fill your glass;
And the Doctor troops before them all.
Tattle, tittle, tattle go the ladies' tongues,
And cry, "You stay too long;"
But the men say, "Fudge!" and will not budge
Till the Parson sing his song.

* This is one of the happiest parodies of Dean Aldrich's excellent Catch that exists; and if my father had not well known the original, his attempt could not have been so successful.—E. T.

ADDRESS,

BY THE REV. PHILIP TAYLOR.

(*Delivered at the same Meeting.*)

I THANK you, my very dear relatives and friends, for the cordial manner in which you have drunk my health, and welcomed my arrival among you. That I have been enabled, at this advanced period of life, once more to leave my far distant place of abode, and travel to my native city,—that I am permitted again to find myself encircled by the loved companions of my earliest days, the steady friends of my riper years, and the kind supporters of my declining steps, I cannot but regard as one of the most delightful incidents of my life. As I look around me and observe to what a wide circumference our family circle is now expanded, —what large additions it has gained even since our last happy meeting,—and what an increase of enjoyment, usefulness, and respectability to our united families these additions fairly promise, I feel a proud satisfaction which no words within my command are

able to express. It is impossible but that a meeting like this, acting with powerful sympathy upon every generous and kindly disposition of our nature, must produce not only the keenest sensations of immediate joy and pleasure, but likewise very happy moral influences on our hearts. Our former evenings of general family convention we were accustomed to devote, in a great measure, to the effusions of sportive genius, and the indulgence of innocent festivity; and why should not this be likewise the order of the present evening? Gathered together with hearts united by the purest affections, to celebrate a feast of family love, —forming, within ourselves, a wide circle, in which each individual can meet no eyes but those of venerated parents, beloved husbands, wives, brothers, sisters, and other near and dear relations,—may we not fairly indulge a joy which is so peculiarly our own, and which no assemblies of any other description can impart? We who bear the names of MARTINEAU and TAYLOR may justly exult in the recollection of those admirable characters to whom, under Heaven, we owe our existence;—in the view of our male and female relatives, who now stand distinguished in society by their professional talents, their virtues, and their usefulness, and in our well-grounded anticipations of the increasing esteem and credit which our united houses will, in all probability, acquire by that long train of well-educated

youth, who daily spring toward manhood, and will soon occupy their destined stations in active life. We know and feel, that to the unwearied attention of our excellent progenitors we are eminently indebted for that firm union of hearts which now obtains among us; and I will add, for that exquisite pleasure which this evening's assemblage affords us. Had our early moral discipline been neglected,—had envy, selfishness, or inordinate ambition been allowed to grow up among us; and, especially, had we been suffered to learn the polite lesson of not knowing our own relations, except when perfectly convenient, we should have been scattered asunder like chaff before the wind,—we should have degenerated into wretched materials, out of which such a peculiar, such an *unique* convention as the present could by no means have been constructed, and have become a family of little or no interest in the view of our fellow-citizens. I am confident that in one determination I shall be heartily joined by all the members of our union now present or absent; that we will steadily pursue every means to strengthen and perpetuate those ties of harmony and friendship which now so firmly, so happily bind us together; and that we will take care to hold fast the rank we possess in public estimation, by uniformly pursuing that course of honourable and upright conduct, and by maintaining ourselves, and teaching our children to maintain,

that devoted attachment to the sacred cause of TRUTH, of CIVIL and RELIGIOUS LIBERTY, of which our venerated ancestors gave such bright examples.

Among other means of riveting the golden chain of our family love so fast as to secure almost the impossibility of its being ever broken, I am persuaded that the repetition, at proper intervals, of personal assemblages of the widely-scattered members of our families, in the way we have now so happily accomplished, will always prove one of very powerful efficacy. I hope the children's children of the youngest of our race who are this day present will learn to love and long for such meetings as these; and that the time will come when even this spacious Temple of Harmony* will not be large enough to accommodate our multiplied descendants. For my own part, absolute inability shall alone prevent my re-appearance among you; be this as it may, rest assured, that though you may not again see my face or hear my voice among you, the latest and most fervent wish of my heart will be—May Heaven's best blessing ever rest on my respected and beloved Family!

PHILIP TAYLOR,
of Dublin.

Norwich,
August 3rd, 1819.

* The Hall Concert-Room at Norwich.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

VERSES ADDRESSED TO *****

WITH A BOX OF COLOURS, PENCILS, ETC.

"FLOWERS to the Fair!" thus sung the charming Muse*
That on the banks of Mersey's rapid stream
With pious hand swept her obedient lyre,
Or-struck with wilder notes and bolder chords,
Freedom, thy sacred theme.—But not to thee,
Maria, fairest maid, I bear or flowers
Or garlands which the blushing Flora shakes
From her green lap around.—The chilly North
Still drives his biting blast; the stiffening mold
Not even the bold unfearing snowdrop bursts.
Waiting the sun's more potent beam to call
Its beauties forth, the yellow crocus hides

* Mrs. Barbauld, whose moral and descriptive poems are here alluded to.

Her glowing charms. The thousand airy Sylphs
That weave unseen in Flora's loom, or paint
The gay brocade of many an embryo flower,
Lie ambush'd in their icy cell, till roused
By Nature's voice they speed their little toils.
Haste then, Maria! ope the casket's lid,
(The casket which thy humble Valentine
In duteous zeal commends,) spread out its stores,
And wield with magic art each pigmy tool:
First trace the wavy outline, bold and free;
Through swell or hollow, crimp or winding fold;
Follow great Nature's pattern; call around
The parent rose its moss-clad buds, which seem
To gaze upon its elder charms, ah! soon
To fade before their own. Betwixt thine eye
And the rich splendour of the full-blown flower
Careless and bending let some leaf obtrude,
Just as the skilful maiden half conceals
And half displays her charms: now make thy choice,
And form with nicest taste the varied group;
Range through the realms of Flora, and entwine
Her many-colour'd tribes,—combine, contrast,
And heighten all the general effect
By beauties well opposed. Here place erect
The proud carnation; there let ivy wind
Its glossy leaf; the lily's dazzling white
Be soften'd by the mild convolvulus:

Here bend the dwarf auricula, beauteous flower,
Whose velvet mantle, powder'd like a beau,
Arrests the wandering eye. Rich in its suit
Of deepening madder striped with burnish'd gold,
The double wallflower peers, and seems to fling
Its potent odours round; while, more sublime,
Majestic towers the lofty crown imperial,
Clasp'd by the humbler variegated pea.
Now choose thy richest tints, purple and pink
And garish scarlet; for the varied tribe
Of scented-leaved geranium crave their place;
Nor be that place obscure, nor hid beneath
The giant peony's shade, white Guelder-rose,
Or Chalcedonian iris, murky flower,
With toad-like petal bearded like a Turk.
Forget not thou Pomona's fragrant bough,
Our orchard's early pride, with blossoms fraught,
Streak'd beauteous and diverse with red and white;
Nor the dark holly menacing with spears
To guard its crimson berries. Now prepare
Thy soften'd yellow; bid the cowslip rise
Clustering around its stalk, and studded o'er
With golden eyes minute: her humble charms
And modest tints will give a deeper glow,
Sweet Fuchsia, to thy pendent rubies, dyed
And doubly steep'd in nature's richest hue,
And burnish'd by the fire of tropic suns.

But who the million beauteous forms shall count
Or number all the tribes that hold their rank
In Flora's charming kingdom? He alone
Who seized LINNÆUS' mantle, and his chair
With honour fills;* who seems to wave around
His magic wand, and straight the sylvan powers
Obey the summons: from their deepest dells
The Dryads come, and throw their garlands wild
And odorous branches at his feet; the Nymphs
That press with nimble step the mountain thyme
And purple heath-flower, come not empty-handed,
But scatter round ten thousand forms minute,
Of velvet moss or lichen, torn from rock
Or rifted oak or cavern deep: the Naiads too
Quit their loved native stream, from whose smooth face
They crop the lily, and each sedge and rush
That drinks the rippling tide: the frozen poles,
Where peril waits the bold adventurer's tread,
The burning sands of Borneo and Cayenne,
All, all to SMITH unlock their secret stores
And pay their cheerful tribute: such his power.
Come then, MARIA, lovely artist, come,
Begin the pleasing toil, and strain the sheet
Snow-white upon its frame; beneath thy hand
A thousand mingling shrubs and flowers shall rise,
And Nature shall confess thy rival powers.

* Sir James Edward Smith, President of the Linnæan Society.

TO A LADY:

WITH A BOOK OF SACRED MUSIC.

Go, pious strains, and seek that hallow'd pile
Where lovely **** tunes the solemn air;
The solemn air which angels, for a while
Dropping their quiring harps, might stoop to hear.

Go, pious strains! Her sweetly swelling throat
Shall with new graces polish every line;
While warm devotion melts in every note,
And listening Heaven approves the song divine.

Such were the sounds that stole upon the ear,
And cheer'd the heart of Jesse's royal son,
When vengeful Saul with hostile rage drew near,
And bold rebellion shook Judæa's throne:

Such were the sounds the astonish'd shepherds heard,
What time the night in solemn silence reign'd,
When hovering round the angelic choir appear'd,
And hymn'd the heavenly message to mankind:

And such the sounds, the sweet seraphic sounds,
That rouse the mind from every base controul,
Pierce through the gloom of these terrestrial bounds,
And waft to Heaven the free unfetter'd soul.

LINES

ON THE TERMINATION OF THE EIGHTEENTH AND COMMENCEMENT OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Spoken before a large party of friends by Henry Herbert Southey* and Edward Taylor, dressed in character, on the night which terminated the Eighteenth Century.

Enter The Eighteenth Century, *personated by* Edward Taylor.

Old as I am, and ready to expire,
Propp'd on my staff, I come at your desire:
Some few last dying words you wish to hear;
Few they must be, for my last hour is near.
Alas!—time was when I was young like you;
My days began in peace and plenty too;
But, even in infancy, the storm of war
Came rushing o'er my cradle from afar.
When Blenheim's hero fill'd the world with awe,
And gallant Benbow gave the ocean law,
The cannon's roar, the clash of hostile spears,
Were sounds familiar to my youthful ears;

* Brother of Robert Southey, and afterwards my colleague in Gresham College.—E. T.

My eyes affrighted saw the ensanguined plain
Where death and horror held united reign.
When thirteen summers o'er my head had past,
To bless the exhausted world peace came at last;
And had not fierce rebellion broke my rest,
My youth with tranquil pleasures had been blest.
But what a chequer'd scene my life has been!
Five dreadful wars these eyes fatigued have seen:
Five times, when England measured spears with France,
I saw their hostile troops and fleets advance;
I heard the parent and her offspring jar,
Vow great revenge, and urge the intestine war;
And oh! what joy! as often have I seen
Peace with her olive-branch rush in between.
But not with war alone my ears have rung,
Music for me her sweetest strains has sung:
How oft with rapture have I listen'd long
When sweet Corelli chain'd the attentive throng;
When Handel's genius charm'd the ravish'd ear
With halleluias such as angels hear!
Nor were the powers of eloquence unknown;
Not mightier shook the Macedonian's throne:
Roused by a people's wrongs, lo! Chatham rose,
And hurl'd his Attic thunder on their foes:
Burke soar'd aloft on fancy's daring wing,
Now lash'd a venal court, and now a king,

Then sunk; while Fox with freedom boldly join'd,
And claim'd the boon of Heaven for all mankind.
For me, how many a bard has tuned his lyre,
And caught, like Pope, the true poetic fire;
Thomson, who sweetly sang the rolling year;
And Gray and Hammond to the Muses dear:
Pride of her sex, what strains has Aikin sung,
To age a solace, transport to the young!
Religion now, from superstition freed,
Abhors the faggot, and reforms her creed;
Scorns the vile aid of penalties and pains,
And frees the human mind from servile chains.
Art too and science held an equal pace,
The powers of man improving Nature's face:
Through rocks deep bored and over thirsty hills
He leads the ductile, slow collected rills:
From earth's low orb he bids his car arise,
And sails adventurous through the trackless skies;
Divided provinces converse by sight,
And fame flies swiftly as the winged light.
But ah! these latter days are fill'd with woe;
Now sinks my heart, my tears how fast they flow!
On every side distress that mocks relief,—
And famine fills the measure of my grief.
Alas! I faint,—the powers of life stand still,—
I've lived my time—and now to Heaven's high will

I sink resign'd.—And oh! when I am gone,
And some young upstart fills my vacant throne,
Forget me not, my friends,—ah, spare my fame,
Nor heap foul slanders on my hapless name:
Let candour tell the tale:—Who has not shared
The numerous festive joys which I prepared?
Who has not tasted benefits from me,
Or found kind solace even in misery?
I sink;—farewell!—my creeping sands are run;
My sun is set, and Heaven's high will be done!

[*Dies.*

Enter NINETEENTH CENTURY, *personated by* HENRY HERBERT SOUTHEY.

THE clock strikes twelve;—and now I take *my* turn;
Zounds! what a merry thing 'tis to be born!
Old Gaffer, who has hobbled just an age,
Fell down in fits, they say, and left the stage.
On my life, sirs, this is a pretty place,
This motley world, where I must run my race!
Bless me, what charming creatures have we here?

[*To the Ladies.*

I'll speak to one—Good morning, pretty dear!
Thanks for that smile; it welcomes me to life:
They told me I was born 'midst care and strife;
But here I neither woe nor strife can see,
At least no strife, but who should honour *me*.

I'll take a turn around and see what's doing;
What busy throngs retreating and pursuing!
What bustling, jostling crowds obstruct the way,
Eager to share the fortunes of the day!
Hark! what was there? Is that the cannon's roar?
Go—bid them give this monstrous folly o'er;
Tell them that Gaffer Gray is dead and gone,
And *I* have stepp'd into his vacant throne:
Tell them, it is *my will* that discord cease:
I come to give the suffering nations peace.
Peace they *shall* have; and he who breaks the rule
I'll chronicle a villain or a fool.
Pray, Gentles, have we got a prophet here;
One who can peep through many a distant year,
Can stroke his beard, and tell what joy or care,
What ups and downs in life, shall be our share?
Are you the cunning man?—or you?—or you?
Come tell *my* fortune first, and tell me true:
Say, shall I live to see mankind grow wise,
And know the dearest gifts of Heaven to prize?
How long shall guilty passions poison life?
How long shall folly urge the savage strife?
How long shall man creation's boons survey,
Then madly cast its richest pearls away?
How long shall modest worth be doom'd to mourn,
Spurn'd by the proud, of impudence the scorn?

How long shall coxcomb pedants claim the prize,
And learning starve, retired from vulgar eyes?
How long shall mystery for religion pass,
And scoundrels cheat the world as babes of grace;
And white-robed knaves, to truth and reason blind,
Impose their own dark creeds on all mankind?

[*Rings a bell.*

O yes! O yes! If any one can tell
Where honour, exiled long from courts, does dwell;
Where stubborn British honesty stands by
Watching his country's fate with anxious eye;
Whoe'er can lead a patriot statesman forth,
Replete with wisdom, fortitude, and worth;
Whoe'er shall teach my unskill'd hands to raise
A noble monument of deathless praise;
To him this golden chain and scarf I give,
His name enroll'd with mine shall ever live;
His eye the best delights of earth shall greet,
Perennial flowers shall spring beneath his feet,
And wit and beauty grace his happy seat.

POEMS FROM "THE CABINET."

In the year 1795 the Liberal Party at Norwich had no means of appealing to their fellow-citizens through the press, both the newspapers being in the hands of what was then called the Anti-Jacobinical party. In some measure to supply this want, several gentlemen projected a periodical, under the title of "The Cabinet." Its contents were principally political and historical, but interspersed with short essays, tales, criticisms, and poems. Theology and metaphysics alone were excluded. Although all the contributions were published anonymously, it was known among their friends that they were, for the most part, supplied by the following persons:—John Pitchford, jun., Thomas Norgate (son of Alderman Norgate), Charles Marsh (afterwards M.P. for Retford), Dr. Enfield, William Youngman, Henry Gardiner, William Taylor, John Stuart Taylor, William Dalrymple, Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Rigby, Miss Alderson (afterwards Mrs. Opie), whose poetical contributions, in the three volumes to which "The Cabinet" extended, amount to fifteen. My father chose to contribute under the disguise of a bard of former times: Mr. Pitchford was the only person entrusted with his secret, and by him, I presume, the introductory notice was written.—E. T.

POEMS FROM "THE CABINET."

A small manuscript book was found at the old Princes Inn, in King-street, Norwich, some years ago, when some repairs were doing. It contains several pieces of poetry written by different authors and at different times. The pieces are short, and generally on serious topics. To some of our readers, who delight in exploring the scattered relics of antiquity, they may afford gratification, while they at the same time contain sentiments and imagery which, though somewhat disfigured by the uncouth dress in which they appear, are nevertheless pleasing. We shall occasionally give them a place in THE CABINET.

MARTILMASSE DAY.

IT is the day of Martilmasse,
Cuppes of ale should freelie passe;
What though Wynter has begunne
To push downe the summer sunne,

That trayter Sinne
To the hearts castel lets the foeman in.

The fearefule harte dothe flee the hongrie honde,
And letel byrdes at snakis fall astonde;
The nurslinge poule markethe the fleetinge hawke,
And seely lambs doe scudde when doggis barke;
Where cattes doe kepe, there mice will haunte no more,
And gaunte tygres doe quake when lyons rore.
One from another, and alle from manne doe flee,
But from that monstere sinne fleeth not he.
Small is his care, albeit he kennes from farre
The dismale moyle of that forewastfull warre:
Eyes doth he bragge, yet churle, he will not see;
And eares, but of good counsayle rechlesse he.
Of princelie virtues taske he stonds adred,
Yet follows perilous vice with hardy hed;
The beame of that cannot his eye abide,
But in darke gloom of this he loveth hide;
Till shrill trompett shall call from darkest grave,
And darke despaire his sprite of hope shall reave.

UPON MY SONNE'S MARCHINGE TO LEICESTER.

It is probable the following was written in the year 1645, not long before that battle between the parliamentary forces and the king, which determined the fate of the latter. This battle was fought at Naseby, but from the previous movements of the royal army, it might very naturally be conjectured that Fairfax would attack it in the vicinity of Leicester. Our historians say, that the parliamentary army was much recruited by our manufacturing towns; and as the king's army never came into Norfolk, which was one of the associated counties, it is highly probable that Norwich furnished large supplies to the parliamentary army.

When God did single David for the fight
With infidel Philistia's man of might,
The blasphemous Goliah, nought he took,
But worthlesse pebbles from the shallowe brook;
So thou my sonne with scantie armes to wield
Shalt dare this regal tyrant to the field;
Heaven shall knit firme thy jointes and give them force,
T' impede our crowned traytor in his course.

Charge with thy bold compeers, boy, charge him home!
And fear thou, perjured Charles, thy pending doom:
Freedome's much injured sonnes are in thy rear,
From thy curst brows thy forfeit crowne to tear;
Tear from thee each fonde emblemme of command,
And dash the scepter from thy tremblinge hand.
Vainlie thy blood-hound cavaliers shall try
To push the raginge storme of battel by;
Vainlie thy crooked counsels shall devyse
More leagues and oathes to blinde a nation's eyes;
Thou and thy oathes and leagues thy people scorne—
Thy people, not thy slaves and bondsmen born:
"*Thy* people!" thought unworthie! who art thou,
That darest affect the God—to reigne below?
God Moloch thou, who through the battels fire
Dragged Englandes freemen victims to thine ire.
Look'd heedlesse on whilst Ireland swam with blood,
And sign'd a league with Rome's infernal brood;
Pull'd down and set at nought our laws, to fill
Its sanctuarie with a despot's will:
Justice, no longer blinde, look'd round for gold,
And judges, bought by thee, strange judgments sold.
Base, faithlesse men, vile traytors to their trust,
Who sold their countrie to a monarch's lust.
Such as thy council, such thy captaines be,
Englandes foul bastardes, nursed in infamie;

Not brave but desperate, bold alone in sinne,
These are the heroes must thy battels winne.
Westwarde where prowled thy savage cavaliers,*
And mark'd their damned route with blood and teares,
From the full breast the swathed infant tearing,
With its dash'd braines its frantick mother smearing,
Old age whose limbes could give no leave to flie,
Stuck on rude stakes writhed out their miserie:
Deflowered maides with murderers in their armes,
Take ghastlie woundes to recompence their charmes.
Fire was their child's-play, and their pastime, death;
The sword did seeme divorced from its sheath;
Blood-reekinge slaughter madly led the way,
Beckninge foul luste and plunder to their prey;
Such rueful deedes the sun disdaigned see,
But turn'd his beames askaunt for enmitie.
O bande accursed! Britaines deadliest foes!
Who tear her vitals with convulsive throes,
Think ye the God of Jacob is asleepe?
Hath he no eye to see the wretched weepe?
Hath he no ear to hear a nation's groane
Mixt with deepe sighs, flit past his mercies throne?

* This may be thought too highly coloured a picture of the ravages of the cavaliers; but though we may make some allowance for poetical license, yet it must be confessed that the royalists were much more profligate, sanguinary, and revengeful than the parliamentary army.

Is he not juste and terrible and strong,
To darte his lightninge at the murd'rous throng,
Or bid the earthe disparte with ghastlie wound,
And teeme with belchinge furnaces around,
Whose raginge flames the wretches shall cōnsume,
And Goring,* tremblinge, meet Abiram's doom?
Go, go thee forthe, my sonne;—I ill can spare
Thy duteous service, thy solacinge care;
My crazie bark, just floatinge on life's tide,
Ill spares the buoy attendant at its side;
Go,—sinke my bark, but let not Britaine say,
From freedomes holie cause I bad thee stay.
No, thou shalt go! brave Fairfax, lead thee on!
Firme at thy side shall fight my gallante sonne;
What Edge-hill was to Charles shall Leister be,
Disgrace, disastrous route, and infamie.

* Lord Goring commanded the King's Horse.

UPON MY GOOD LORD THE BISHOP OF NORWICHE, RICHARD CORBETT,

WHO DIED JULY 28, 1635, AND LYES BURIED IN HIS CATHEDRAL CHURCHE.*

Ye rural bardes who haunte the budding groves,
Tune your wilde reeds to sing the wood-larkes loves,
And let the softe harpe of the hawthorn vale
Melt in sweet euloge to the nightingale;
Yet haplie Drummond well thy muse might raise
Aires not earth-born to suit my raven's praise.

* "Richard Corbet was born at Ewell, in Surrey. After he had spent some years in Westminster School, he went, in 1598, to Christ Church, Oxford. He was soon esteemed one of the most celebrated wits in the University, as his poems, jests, romantic fancies, and exploits, which he made and performed *extempore*, showed. He was elected Bishop of Oxford in 1629, and translated to the See of Norwich in 1632. He died in July, 1635, and was buried in the choir, near the Founder's tomb, and had a freestone of a sandy colour laid over his grave, on which (besides the inscription) are

Raven he was, yet was no gloomie fowle,
Merrie at hearte, though innocente of soule;
Where'er he perkt, the birds that came anighe
Constrayned caught the humour of his eye:
Under that shade no spights and wrongs were spred,
Care came not nigh with his uncomlie head.

Somewhile the thicke embranching trees amonge,
Where Isis doth his waters leade alonge,
Kissing with modeste lippe the holie soyle,
Reflecting backe each hallowed grove the while;
Here did my raven trie his dulcive note,
Charming old science with his mellow throat.

Sometimes with scholiasts deep in anciente lore,
Through learnings long defyles he would explore;
Then with keene wit untie the perplext knot
Of Aristotle or the cunning Scot;
Anon loud laughter shook the arched hall,
For mirth stood redy at his potente call.

the arms of the See, impaling Corbet, or a raven proper." (*Blomfield's History of Norwich.*) His poems were published in 1647, under the title of "Poetica Stromata." A new edition of them, with the life of the author, by Mr. Octavius Gilchrist, appeared in 1807. Among the laudatory verses prefixed are the above, which the Editor appears to have regarded as a genuine production of Bishop Corbet's time.—E. T.

Oxforde, thou couldst not binde his outspred wing,
My raven flew where bade his princelye king;
Norwiche must honours give he did not crave,
Norwiche must lend his palace and his grave:
And that kinde hearte which gave such vertue birth,
Must here be shrouded in the greedie earth.

Ofte hath thy humble lay-clerke led along,
When thou wert by, the eve or matin song;
And ofttimes rounde thy marble shall he strole,
To chaunte sad requiems to thy soothed soul.
Sleep on, till Gabriels trump shall break thy sleep,
And thou and I one heavenlie holiday shall keep.

TO SYLVIA,

FORTUNE HAVING SMILED ON ME.

Go, thou poor boding heart, go to thy reste,
Past is the storme, the blue sereene appeares;
Take holie rapture to thy throbbing brest,
And cheere thy cheke from pensyve looks and tears.

Yes, sinless babes, that rounde the bridal bed
Sleep on, all heedlesse of your parents woes,
The Lorde of mercie heares and gives ye bread,
Makes streight our crooked paths and strewes the rose.

Keene wasting care no more our bowre invades,
No shye distrust, nor sorrow ill concealed;
But gilded rays of comforte chase the shades,
And peace, thy balsame, grief's deep wound hath healed.

Over my roofe no raven flappes his wing,
Nor shall the howling cur-dog marre our sleep;
But with the morn, the larke shall up and sing,
Breaking the watch which angels deigned to keepe.

POLITICAL AND OTHER SONGS.

POLITICAL AND OTHER SONGS.

The following extract from 'The Norfolk Chronicle' of July 16th, 1791, contains the first public notice of a Song which afterwards became so well known, although I believe it was written and composed two years before, for I have heard my father say that he had previously sung it in many mixed companies with general approbation. The temper and conduct of the Church and King party, as it was named by its leaders, will be best estimated by the riots at Birmingham. While my father was singing this song at Norwich, Dr. Priestley's house and laboratory were destroyed by a Church and King mob.

"On Thursday last, July 14, a second commemoration of the French Revolution was held in this city (Norwich). The meeting was numerous and respectable, and conducted with great decorum."

A list of the Toasts follows, and it is added, "In the course of the evening the following Song was sung."—E. T.

THE TRUMPET OF LIBERTY.

The trumpet of Liberty sounds through the world,
And the universe starts at the sound;
Her standard Philosophy's hand has unfurl'd,
And the nations are thronging around.
Chorus.—Fall, tyrants, fall! fall! fall!
These are the days of liberty!
Fall, tyrants, fall!

How noble the ardour that seizes the soul!
How it bursts from the yoke and the chain!
What power can the fervour of Freedom control,
Or its terrible vengeance restrain?
Fall, tyrants, fall!

Proud castles of despotism, dungeons, and cells,
The tempest shall sweep you away;
From the east to the west the dread hurricane swells,
And the tyrants are chill'd with dismay.
Fall, tyrants, fall!

The slave on whose neck the proud despot has trod
Now feels that himself is a man,
While the lordly usurper who ruled with a nod
Hides his head 'midst his servile divan.
Fall, tyrants, fall!

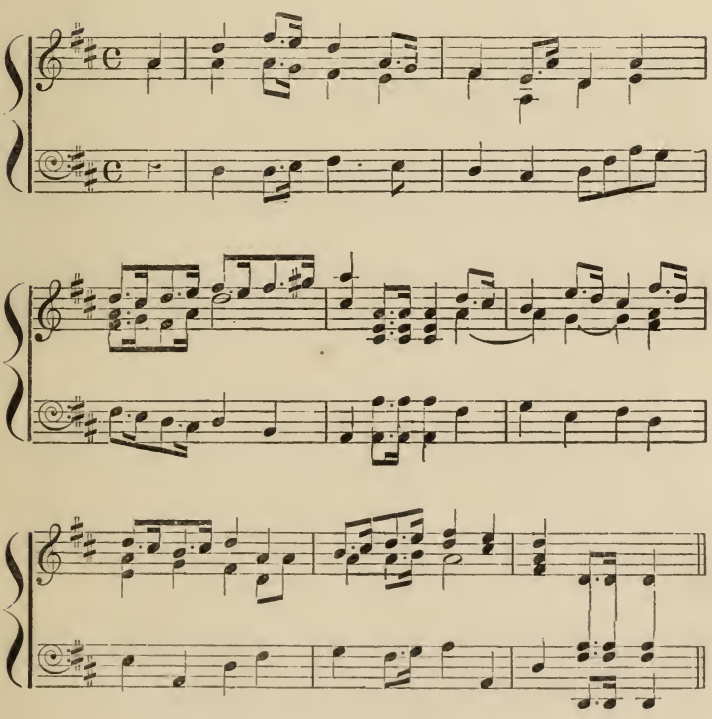
Poor vassals who crawl by the Vistula's stream,
Hear! hear the glad call, and obey!
Rise, nations who worship the sun's sacred beam,
And drive your Pizarros away.
Fall, tyrants, fall!

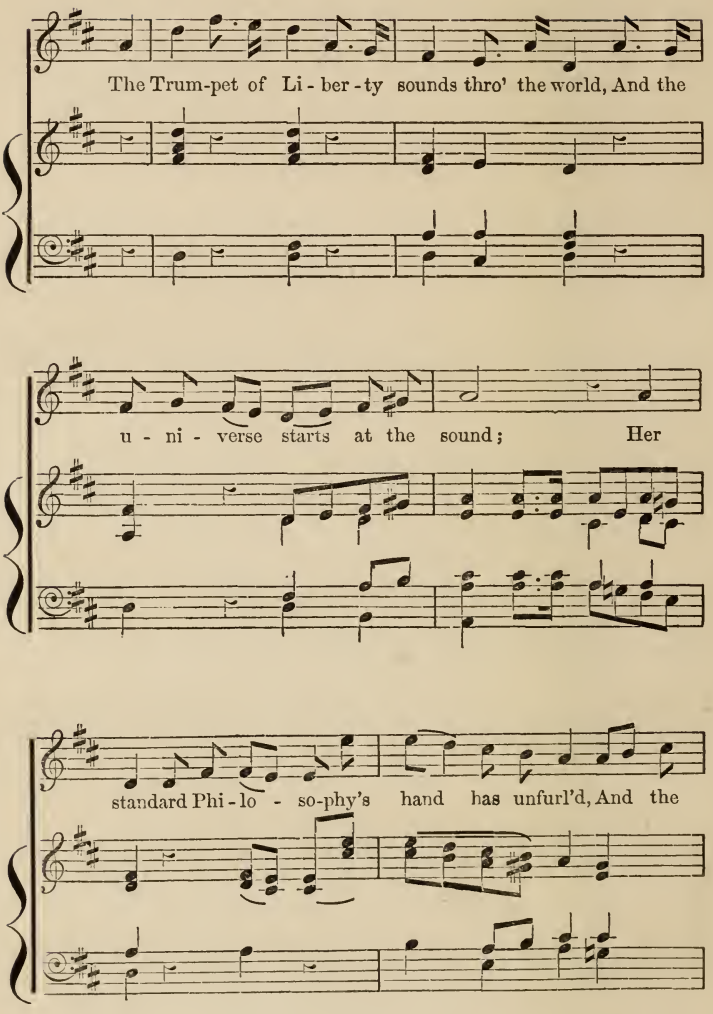
The cruel dominion of priestcraft is o'er,
Its thunders, its faggots, and chains!
Mankind will endure the vile bondage no more,
While religion our freedom maintains.
Fall, tyrants, fall!

Shall Britons the chorus of liberty hear
With a cold and insensible mind?
No,—the triumphs of freedom each Briton shall share,
And contend for the rights of mankind.

Fall, tyrants, fall! etc.

1788.

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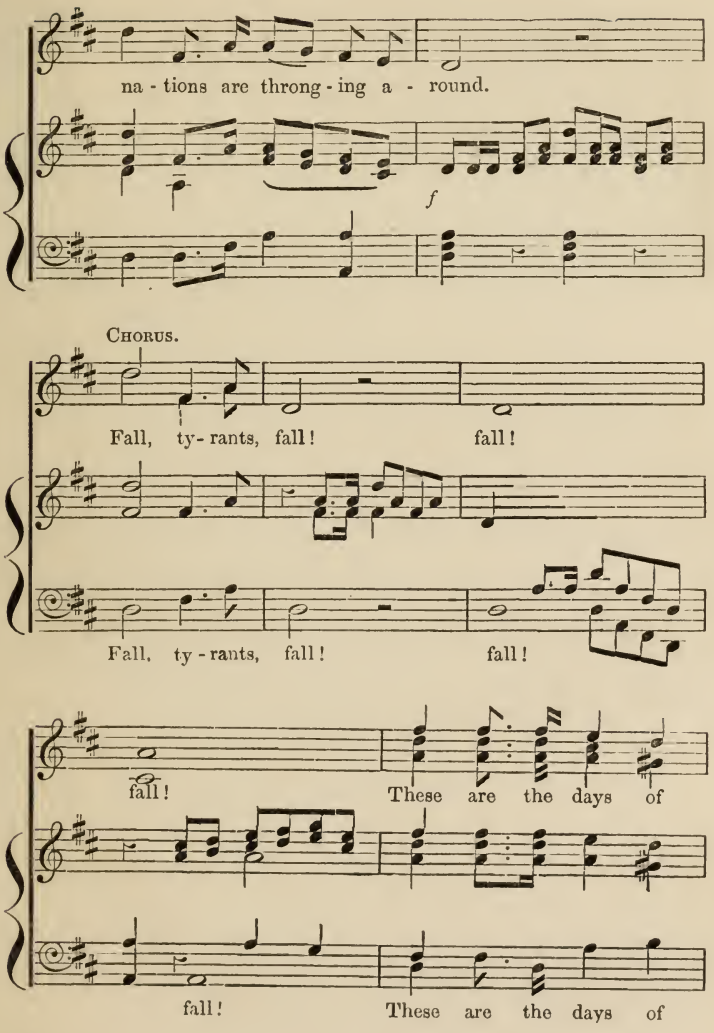
na - tions are throng - ing a - round.
f
Chorus.
Fall, ty - rants, fall! fall!
Fall, ty - rants, fall! fall!
fall!
These are the days of
fall!
These are the days of

Li - ber - ty, Fall, ty - rants, fall!
Li - ber - ty, Fall, ty - rants, fall!

GLEE.

Tune.—Glorious Apollo."

This and the two following Glees were written for, and sung at, a public dinner given after the unsuccessful attempt to deprive Mr. Windham of his Seat for Norwich in 1796. The numbers were, for

The Hon. Henry Hobart	1622
The Right Hon. William Windham .	1159
Bartlett Gurney, Esq.	1076

Mr. Windham's majority was entirely composed of distant voters. Of Norwich voters Mr. Gurney had a majority of 113.—E. T.

Goddess of Freedom, from on high behold us,
While thus we dedicate to thee our lays;
Long in thy cause hath principle enroll'd us,
Here to thy name a monument we raise.
Thus then combining, heart and voice joining,
Sing we in harmony to Freedom's praise.

Here every generous sentiment awaking,
Zeal that inspired our patriots of yore;
Each pledge of Freedom giving and partaking,
Join we our bleeding country to restore.
Thus then combining, heart and voice joining,
Send the shouts of Liberty from shore to shore.

GLEE.

Tune.—"With my Jug in one Hand."

While the tools of the State, and the fools of ambition,
Roll down in corruption's foul tide;
We scorn all their arts, and that vile imposition
Not all their dry logic can hide:
Let us, like true Britons, ne'er shrink from our cause,
But still hope that the times will grow mellow,
When the minion of power shall be curb'd by the laws,
While oppressing the true honest fellow.

Let's be true to ourselves, let's be firm to our party,
The friends of good order and law;
But bold to defend, with a zeal warm and hearty,
Those Rights which from nature we draw.
Too haughty for slavery, too proud for a bribe,
Our Rights let us vow to defend;
Nor shrink at the threats of a base venal tribe,
With a Gurney our champion and friend.

GLEE.

Tune.—"Ye Gentlemen of England."

Ye senators of England, who keep the nation's purse,
Ah! little, Sirs, are you aware how times grow worse and worse;
Give ear to British honesty, and that will plainly show
All the cares and the fears, when the storm of war does blow.

Ye statesmen too of England, who manage Britain's helm,
Who give us peace and plenty too, or wars that overwhelm;
While you in riches roll along, think who are doom'd to know
All the loss and the cost, when the storm of war does blow.

Then sheathe the bloody falchion, and give sweet Peace again,
Contentment and Prosperity will follow in her train;
But e'en the shouts of victory no raptures can bestow,
For we shrink, when we think how the storm of war does blow.

SONG.

THE NORFOLK CRICKET-MATCH.

Tune.—"Of a noble race was Shenkin."

In the year 1802 the County of Norfolk was contested at the general Election. The result of the Poll was—

Thomas William Coke, Esq.	4317
Sir Jacob Henry Astley	3612
The Hon. John Wodehouse	3516

The year in which the name of Coke first occurs as Member for Norfolk was 1592, when the celebrated Sir Edward Coke was elected. The first of the Astley family who represented the County was Sir Jacob Astley, elected in 1672. The name occurs frequently in every reign from that of William and Mary. In the year 1776 Mr. Thomas William Coke was first elected Member for Norfolk with Sir Edward Astley, and eight (though not successive) times he was associated with some member of the same family, until his retirement from the House of Commons in 1830. The last contest for the County preceding the above was in 1768, when Sir Edward Astley and Mr. De Grey were elected, in opposition to Sir Armine Wodehouse and Mr. Wenman Coke. The return of Coke and Astley in 1802 was celebrated by a public dinner, for which my father wrote the following Song.—E. T.

'Twas in the land of dumplings,
Where Freedom shone with glory,
Such a challenge was made, and a game was play'd,
As shall long be famed in story.
Tol de rol.

First came the Squire of Felbrigg,[a]
And he threw his gauntlet boldly,
And he cocked his hat, and he swung his bat,
But his friends received him coldly.

So turning round to Wodehouse,
A wight of some repute, Sir,
Says he, if you choose, you may take my shoes,
And my Norwich friends to boot, Sir.

Meanwhile bold Coke and Astley
Were singling out their party;
And with bat in hand, they took their stand,
All right good men and hearty.

Now tried the gallant Walpole[b]
His prowess at the wicket;
And he sent the ball beyond them all,
Though Cubitt[c] strove to kick it.

[a] Windham. [b] General Walpole. [c] Of Honing.

Next came the Knight of Yarmouth,[a]
Who swore he'd gain the inning,
But the Lynn men stout, they catch'd him out,
And bawlk'd the Knight of winning.

"Play on," quoth shrewd Sir Thomas;[b]
"Frappe forte," quoth the House of Suffield;[c]
But Money Hill,[d] he shew'd more skill,
Though he bowl'd with one eye muffled.

Our portly Dean[e] he boasted
How well he bowl'd at cricket;
But he found to his cost, that Dixon Hoste[f]
Was station'd at the wicket.

"Stand by," says great Sir Edmund,[g]
"I'll finish them this round, Sir;"
But he struck too high, and hurt his eye,
So he stumbled off the ground, Sir.

[a] Lacon. [b] Beevor. [c] Harbord.
[d] Farmer at Waterden. [e] Turner.
[f] Rector of Godwick: father of Captain Sir William Hoste, R.N.
[g] Bacon.

Sir Martin,[a] with nimble Motteux,[b]
Each gain'd his share of notches;
And Crowe[c] he swore he'd mark up four,
Though he play'd upon his crutches.

At length from the West came Saff'ry,[d]
Who soon wound up the story,
For he show'd them play, while he notch'd away,
And finish'd the Game with glory.

"Cheer up," says the Holkham Chieftain,
"This day completes their dressing;
And see, from far comes Dr. Parr,
To crown us with his blessing."

Then drink to your Coke and Astley,
They 're staunch, if I can read 'em,
And ne'er shall they forget this day,
Nor the sacred cause of Freedom.

[a] Folkes. [b] Of Beachamwell. [c] Alderman Crowe.
[d] Of Downham.

SONG.

Tune.—"The Dusky Night."

In the year 1804 the Farmers of Norfolk presented to Mr. Coke a splendid silver Vase, "as a token of their esteem for the liberality of his conduct as a Landlord, and of their gratitude as a practical Farmer, and most valuable member of society." The presentation took place on the 23rd of August, at the Duke's Head, Lynn, when the following Song, written for the occasion, was sung.

Sing, sing no more of heroes bold,
Whose brow the laurel decks;
Give me the Master of the Fold,
Who through the changing heat and cold
His fleecy charge protects.

Chorus.—Then tune your reeds with glee,
Ye shepherd lads that be;
Our Thyrsis claims the festal day,
The Prince of Shepherds he.

Remote from camps or busy throngs,
With Pan we seek the vale;
To him the oaten reed belongs,
To him our Shepherds tune their songs,
Slow ranging through the dale.

Chorus.—Then tune your reeds, etc.

But hark! the distant hum I hear,
Icenia's shouting swains;
This day the sculptur'd Vase they bear,
The bright reward of pastoral care,
The tribute of their plains.

Chorus.—Then tune your reeds, etc.

By village maidens all around
A thousand wreaths are wove;
By some the votive Cup is crown'd,
By some their Thyrsis' brows are bound,
The shepherd of their love.

Chorus.—Then tune your reeds, etc.

Long as the jolly hind shall sing
And yoke his lusty team,
With Thyrsis' name the hills shall ring,
And still the shepherd swains shall bring
Fresh tokens of esteem.

Chorus.—Then tune your reeds, etc.

Then round the dedicated Vase,
Rich gifts shall Ceres pour;
His flocks and herds shall fearless graze,
His fame extend with length'ning days,
Nor end when life is o'er.

Chorus.—Then tune your reeds with glee,
Ye shepherd lads that be,
Our Thyrsis claims the festal day,
The Prince of Shepherds he.

LIBERTY.

SET TO MUSIC BY GIORDANI.

Where the poor negro, with desponding heart,
And busy thoughts still stretch'd across the main,
Plies with unceasing toil his destined part,
While the fierce sunbeams scorch the naked plain:
Appear, appear, and set the captive free,
O guardian goddess, sainted Liberty!

Where the bold hero, first in Freedom's cause,
Friend, soldier, champion to the human race,
Feels the keen rigour of the tyrant's laws,
And scorns to purchase mercy with disgrace,
Appear, appear, etc.

Where in some loathsome dungeon's solitude,
All means denied to cheer the weary day,
His noble soul by wrongs still unsubdued,
The patriot statesman wastes his life away,
Appear, appear, etc.

Where the sad victim of fanatic zeal
  Lifts his imploring eye to heaven and sighs,
And, fearless of contempt, or fire, or steel,
  A tyrant's empire o'er the mind denies,
    Appear, appear, and set the captive free,
    O guardian goddess, sainted Liberty!

1807.

SONG.

EATON HALL GUILD.

In 1812 Alderman Davey, who had been repeatedly returned by the Freemen to the Court of Aldermen to serve the office of Mayor, was again rejected on account of his liberal politics, and Alderman Day was chosen, who soon made it known that the usual festivities of the Guild-day and its accustomed hospitalities would be omitted; upon which Alderman Davey issued the following invitation to his brother Freemen, which was responded to by the Blue and White Clubs, in their several Wards, who came in procession, headed by bands of music, to Eaton Hall, a house and park a mile from the City walls. About a thousand sate down to dinner. The day was fine, and the scene was most enlivening. After dinner I was requested to sing the following Song.—E. T.

"*To the Freemen in the Blue and White interest.*

"FELLOW-CITIZENS,—It is my wish that you should not be de-
"prived of the festivities of the Guild-day; I shall therefore be
"happy to see you on that day, at Eaton Hall, to partake of the
"old English fare, of roast beef and plum pudding. Dinner at
"three o'clock.

"I am your obliged friend and servant,

"Eaton, June 5th, 1812. JONATHAN DAVEY."

Tune.—"The Dusky Night."

The birds sing sweet on every tree,
In Eaton groves they sing;
And young and old go forth to see
The sports this day shall bring.

Chorus.—Then wave your Blue and White,
So rich in Freedom's sight;
No troubled heart must bear a part
Where Peace and Joy unite.

Let others feast, with splendour bright,
And choicest wines well stored;
We 've Nature's pictures in our sight,
And Plenty crowns our board.

Cho.—Then wave your Blue and White, etc.

We free were born, and are so still;
And cursed be that knave
Who proffers bribes to buy our will,
And make the Man a slave!

Cho.—Then wave your Blue and White, etc.

When courtly sycophants prevail,
And gain our Prince's ear;
When trembling Liberty turns pale,
And good men quake with fear;

Cho.—Then wave your Blue and White, etc.

Is there a man both bold and true,
Discerning, wise, and free?
How dear that man to me and you!
And William Smith is he.
Cho.—Then wave your Blue and White, etc.

When did *he* take Corruption's side,
Or place or bribe receive?
Or when did paltry views decide
Which way his vote to give?
Cho.—Then wave your Blue and White, etc.

Oh could Britannia's Senate boast
A hundred such as he!
Her glory then should ne'er be lost,
Her sons might yet be free.
Cho.—Then wave your Blue and White, etc.

He, then, who will not pledge *his* health
In canns of England's Stout,
He cares not for our Commonwealth,
So turn the traitor out.
Cho.—Then wave your Blue and White, etc.

Now fill again; one toast remains,
To him, whose generous hand
With princely feasting entertains
Our firm united band.
Cho.—Then wave your Blue and White, etc.

Whilst birds sing sweet on every bough,
And nature smiles around,
How happy we who sit below,
Where flowing ale goes round!
Cho.—Then wave your Blue and White, etc.

SONG.

The following Song, originally written and composed for, as well as sung at, the Norwich Anacreontic Society, was published with the Music, as having been sung by Sedgwick at the Anacreontic Society of London, and by Meredith at Liverpool.

In the year 1820, when Mr. Coke was installed Provincial Grand Master of the Lodges of Norfolk Freemasons, the Duke of Sussex, as Grand Master of the Craft, presided at the Banquet, and sung this song, on which occasion a new edition of it was published.

See the jolly God appears!
In his hand the bowl he rears;
Quaffing, let me drown my care,
And all thy nobler spirit share.

Chorus.—Precious goblet, cup divine,
Let me quaff thy rosy wine!

Let my hoary honours grow,
Wrinkles, trespass on my brow,
Let them come,—prepared I stand,
And grasp my goblet in my hand.

Chorus.—Precious goblet, etc.

Cupid, in my youthful hour,
Led me captive of his power;
Now with branches from the vine
I shield me from his dart divine.

Chorus.—Precious goblet, etc.

Bacchus, jolly god, appear!
None but choicest friends are here:
Pierce thy oldest, deepest, cask,
And let us drain the frequent flask.

Chorus.—Precious goblet, etc.

SONG,

FOR A MEETING AT NORWICH IN HONOUR OF MR. FOX'S BIRTHDAY, JANUARY, 1819.

The Music by Edward Taylor.

The warrior claims his meed of praise,
And lives in martial story,
But for the patriot let us raise
The loftier strains of glory.
This day Old England's darling child
Dame Nature kindly gave us,
Then Freedom on his cradle smiled,
And breathed the powers to save us.

Duett & Chorus.—Come to his tomb, but not to weep,
Here freedom's holiday we keep,
The sacred altar let it be
Round which we vow to liberty.

In early youth, what thought profound,
An eloquence how glowing,—
Words, the base sophist to confound,
For freedom's cause are flowing:

When were our charter'd rights assail'd,
And Fox sat by unheeding?
His giant succour never failed,
When liberty lay bleeding.
Duett & Chorus.—Come to his tomb, etc.

The negro's galling chain he broke,
Her rights to conscience yielded.
Corruption trembled while he spoke,
The weak, opprest, he shielded—
These laurels deck his early tomb,
Thus ran his race of glory,
And here shall unborn ages come
To kindle at his story.
Duett & Chorus.—Come to his tomb, etc.

O Sun of Britain! set too soon:
O race too quickly speeded!
How, to the splendour of thy noon
Has darkness foul succeeded!
Now rule a hard and coward band,
And terror's imps precede 'em,
Ah! how unlike that generous hand
That soothed the wrongs of Freedom!
Duett & Chorus.—Come to his tomb, etc.

CITY ECLOGUE.*

Scene.—A Club. *Time.*—Evening.

The clock struck seven,—the cheerful sun retires,
And only gilds our Castle and our spires.
The market walk now fills from every street;
There jarring parties, various interests meet;
Each candidate resumes his wonted ground,
And all his friends and followers throng around.
Now hope inspires, now gloomy fears succeed,
And show what thorny paths to honour lead:

* The City Election to which these verses refer, took place September 15th, 1786, in consequence of Sir Harbord Harbord having been created Baron Suffield. The numbers on the Poll were

The Honourable Henry Hobart . . .	1450
Sir Thomas Beevor, Bart.	1383

These verses were reprinted in the 'Memoir and Correspondence of the late Sir J. E. Smith,' vol. i. p. 170. Lady Smith, in referring to them, says, "Whoever recollects the late Mr. John Taylor of Norwich, will recognize in these lines the good temper, the pleasantry, and wit which at all times enlivened his conversation, and were the emanations of a good heart, as alive to mirth and enjoyment as it was void of malice and detraction. The Mr. Hampp who figures in the Eclogue was a cordial friend of the author, a German by birth, and whose broken English is happily imitated."

Now still and silent is the vacant loom,
And hot and noisy is the ale-house room ;
For hither, thirsty after news and nog,*
And loving, if not Hobart's cause,† his prog,
Freemen and freemen's wives and friends repair,
And pay due reverence to the leathern chair ;
For there presides, with face of Belgic stamp,
That son of liberty—Bavarian Hampp.
He, at the Sheriff's uncontrol'd command,
Amongst the friends of Hobart takes his stand :
He knows each wise contrivance to a hair ;
Which brought his master Thurlow‡ to the chair,
And boasts to know, however you may doubt,
The gibes and jolts o' the day which threw him out ;
And therefore, as a manager right able,
He claims attention at the council table.
Now, rising from his chair, his cane he waves,
As who should say, "Be silent, English knaves!"
Silence ensues ; our hero strives to speak,
And tortures English ears with German Greek :
Tired with his eloquence, the clamorous rabble
Drown his oration with their deafening gabble ;
Till hearing something said about *the Diet*,
They thought the supper coming, and were quiet :—

* A kind of ale. † Hobart and the Tory candidate.

‡ A manufacturer in Norwich, and brother to the Lord Chancellor.

"Te Diet, Sers, I mean te Parlament,
To vich dis Mr. Hobart sall be sent;
Dere must he take de care of all te laws,
And make more to dem if he find te cause;
And if te king of money sall fall short,
Why, he must to hem come, and ask hem for 't;
For he vill have te string of all your purses,
And must look sharp to vat te King disburses.
Vell, Sers, all dis can Mr. Hobart do,
For he can read and write as vell as you;
He knows quite vell de Engelsch Constitution,
And is so great as me at elocution:
I know myselve te interest of dis City,
And Hobart is te man, I know, to fit ye.
As for dat Beevor,* which some people talk of,
Let me alone, *I'll* make dat fellow walk off:
Who dares to speak fon wort of Beevor here,
Te schondrel sall be scalp'd from ear to ear;
Forth from dese Club my friends sall kick him out,
And I vill eat his share of beef and krout.
Are fagabons to say who sall be chos'd,
And gentlemen of blood to be oppos'd?
Donder und blixen! 'tis a thought so vile,
As makes te hairs upon myn head recoil;
Sooner den have te lot on Beevor fall,
Got! ye sall have no Parlament at all!"

* Beevor was the Whig candidate.